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THE POETRY OF MANUFACTURES.

THEY who regard wholesome labor as incessant drudgery, or they who hold the manufacturing occupation in contempt, may smile at the idea of the poetry of manufactures. Still the occupation taken in its various relations has a poetic attribute of distinguished beauty, whatever boldness it may require to make the assertion. This attribute has belonged to it through all time, and is to be found under the present system ; and while other and more substantial influences may be required to induce its general practical adoption throughout our country, the demonstration of this feature of the calling may tend to soften the prejudices which exist against it and to commend it to our more favorable regards. True, it is not the poetry of bold deeds and adventurous exploits, of sudden change, imminent peril or hairbreadth escape. It is not the poetry of licentious tendencies. The spirit of manufactures frowns on all extravagance, whether manifested in freaks of fancy or of fortune. Artificial pigments it puts aside contemptuously for the more substantial cosmetics of morning air, invigorating employment, regular meals and unbroken slumbers. The poetry of manufactures is the true poetry—the poetry of real life. The representations of voluptuous ease and luxurious indolence—what are they but distorted imaginings? The poetry of manufactures

is no dream of an Oriental paradise peopled with Genii and carpeted with flowers ; neither is the cotton-mill an enchanted castle where hapless maidens are imprisoned by grim Blue Beards, nor a wind-mill to offer battle to love-sick Quixotes. Nor is the machine-shop the gaudy cabin of the reckless freebooter whose pastime it is to ride upon the stormy sea by day, but who, dastard-like, at night decking himself in a costume attractive to the eyes of female simplicity, appears in the livery of an enchanter in the quiet cottage, displays his gold and jewelry, and departs having robbed purity of its chastity and a home of its bliss. This is the romance which it is alas ! too frequently the office of so called poetry to set forth. Such poetry the genius of manufactures does not boast. Hers is the poetry of the unobtrusive virtues, the poetry of humble life. It is linked to the heart and the affections. It derives its fragrance from the gentlest attributes of human nature.

Ever has the true poet, whether sacred or profane, drawn from this occupation images and themes of song which by their truthfulness and beauty engage our cordial admiration. Homer imparts a deep pathos to some of his most touching scenes by introducing woman at the loom. Hector pleading against the remonstrances of his wife Andromache, to go forth to battle, thus endeavors to excite her alarms. Nothing so wounds his mind—

“ As thine, Andromache ! thy grief, I dread ;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led !
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part were thine.”

Again, in describing the death of Hector, Andromache is thus represented, at the loom.

“ But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead ;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Nor even his stay without the Scæan gate.
Far in the close recesses of the dome,
Pensive she plied the melancholy loom ;
A growing work employed her secret hours,
Confusedly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-haired maidens heat the blazing urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return :
In vain. Alas ! her lord returns no more !
Unbathed he lies and bleeds along the shore.
Now from the walls the clamors reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear,

Forth from her ivory hand the *shuttle* falls,
As thus astonished to her maids she calls."

The gentle Cowper, whose most charming descriptions are drawn from scenes interwoven with female industry, exhibits the weaver at her labor, that by a contrast between her and Voltaire his reader may infer how inestimably happier is the lot of the humble but sincere Christian than that of the courted, gifted and polished Infidel. After speaking of the homage paid to Voltaire he says,

"Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbin all her little store,
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light.
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding and no wit ;
Receives no praise ; but though her lot be such,
(Toilsome and indigent) she renders much.
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew—
And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes
Her title to a treasure in the skies."

Heathen poets represented the Destinies as three female divinities, one of whom held the distaff, another spun the thread, while the third stood by with the scissors to clip off the web of human life.

Sacred poetry, too, is full of these images which greatly enhance its beauty. "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle." "His staff was like a weaver's beam." "She seeketh wool and flax, she worketh diligently with her hands." "She layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff." "She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple." "She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles to the merchant." "I have cut off like a weaver my life." "Their webs shall not become garments." etc. etc.

Is there no poetry in manufactures? Then is there no poetry in life, no beauty in the practice of its charities, no sublimity in moral greatness. Wherever are found the self-devotion, the patient labor, the cheerful voice, the mild eye and the tender heart of woman, there is poetry; and through all time, to *manufacture* has been the vocation of woman. She who has no desire to see

the loom or can look upon it without emotion, although she may weep over a romance, is destitute of the finer sensibilities of the soul and a stranger to her sex ; for she is indifferent to the most intimate companion of the toils, the tastes, the amusements, the condition and the progress of woman.

Nor because woman has left the domestic hearth and gone to the manufacturing village—following thither the loom, still clinging to it as if bound by a tie of nature—has the poetry of the calling deserted it. What shall we say of the daughter, who educated in ease and affluence, but finding her father embarrassed by the reverses of fortune, repairs to the manufacturing village and year after year in obscure seclusion applies herself to the loom, until having earned sufficient for her object, she returns to her aged parents and brightens their declining life by clearing the estate of its mortgages and restoring them to a condition of ease ? Is there nothing of romance or heroism in this ? Surely she labors for no trivial nor sordid purpose. To hoard money, or to bestow it on showy finery, comes not within the scope of her aims. What shall we say of her who, surrounded with a family of little ones, finds herself connected with a husband of no principle or moral firmness—a wretched inebriate. She too, sundering the home-tie, takes up her abode in the town to which manufactures have given an existence, and devotes herself to a life of unintermitted toil, not that she may amass wealth, but that she may provide food for her household, and by foregoing the use of their labor supply them with the means of becoming prosperous and respected. The picture which poverty presents of a woman bowed down with years, subsisting upon a reluctant charity, gives her no alarm, for she feels that she is not its prototype. Having seen her own family fed, warmed, clad and instructed, and her faithfully loved, though fallen and ungrateful husband cared for, she goes forth to bestow her last mite upon the sick and the suffering ; or if she have no mite, she imparts her kind offices, her counsels and her tears. And the rewards of both romance and real life are hers. Her children fill places of trust and respectability, and rise up and call her blessed. To such as these the true poet goes for his originals. The truth of nature and the simplicity of beauty are here. The pathos of sincerity and the earnestness of devotion are here.

Time would fail to recount the occurrences of every day life in the manufacturing village, which are fraught with poetic beauty. If the mill be not an enchanted castle nor an Oriental harem, it is the resort of cultivated and sensible females; where virtuous principles and correct habits are formed. Manufactures aim not at exhibiting scenes of distress, choosing rather to lose their poetical character than to deal in romance if such must be the conditions. The light is not indeed transmitted through painted glass into the operatives' rooms, but as it streams through the windows it lingers among flowers, and in passing extracts and diffuses their fragrance. If serenades are not heard beneath the walls, there is the hum of industry within them. If the tramp of the war-horse is not quickened by woman's encouraging voice, the galloping loom is sped on its way by her active hand. If no intrigue gives rise to a story of romance, the tale of scandal is also spared. The poetical effusions and literary articles composed in our manufacturing villages grace the pages of our annuals and magazines, and there might be found correspondents with whom Felicia Hemans or Hannah More would have been proud to hold intercourse.

Such is the poetry of our real, every day, manufacturing life. It is no unnatural fiction; but a substantial reality, daily exhibited before us, calling forth admiration, warming the heart with a true sympathy, and calculated to excite a desire among all beholders to emulate, each in his proper sphere, deeds so worthy, humanity so noble, intellect so cultivated, and devotion so generous and sublime.

We have spoken of the poetry of manufactures as connected with the affections of the heart. We believe the system contains a special adaptedness to develope some of the most beautiful of the sensibilities of our nature. In all these there exists true poetry. We lay no claim for the employment to an exemption from its full share of life's evils—its trials, its temptations, its sorrows and its sufferings. Indeed were it bereft of these, it would be destitute of poetry. For as the soil which is the most deeply impregnated with the putrefactions of organic life is best adapted to produce perfect botanical specimens, so do scenes where affections

have withered and hearts have bled and tears have distilled and hope has decayed, furnish the vital elements for the true and the beautiful and the touching in poetry. In every walk of life these abound, and connected with them is the vibrating chord of sympathy. Where were the poetry of Gray's *Elegy*, of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, of Byron's *Don Juan*, of Cowper's *John Gilpin*, of Burns and Montgomery throughout, but for the literal transcripts or the vivid glimpses they afford of the heart's bitter agonies? A poetic germ emanates from among manufacturing communities, which we in vain search for elsewhere. And this is wrapped up in their social character. It is the spark which follows the collision of minds in proximity. Not the proximity of cities—where families which are separated by barely twelve inches of clay and mortar are strangers; but the proximity of villages, where families dwell in congenial brotherhood: not the less compact proximity of the hamlet—where the fellow-feeling degenerates into that morbid energy which a vain curiosity expends upon the details of scandal; but the more active proximity, where the immediate value of an hour exceeds the price of an idle tale, and the monstrous conjectures of envy and jealousy are silenced by the rebukes of cheerful, bustling industry. It establishes new affinities. It opens the congenial currents of the soul. Unlike the sudden impulse of emotion which now overflows with tenderness and anon ebbs to an inaccessible distance, it flows on in an equal tide of noiseless but generous companionship. It is to the social economy what the stage-coach and the "passenger-train" are to the traveller. Mingling all, they yet deal most largely with the *raw material* of humanity. Over them a punctilious etiquette has not established its supremacy. By those who are there crowded in casual companionship the "noli me tangere" is forgotten for the "pro bono publico." The accommodating spirit of one, the good humored remark of another, the sententious wit of another, and the epigrammatic brevity of yet another knit the party into a hearty cordiality. Thus they travel on pleased with their narrow accommodations, and the expression of sadness is visible and the sigh of regret audible as one after another is withdrawn by arriving at his journey's end. It is thus that the manufacturing occupation, by bringing individuals into contiguity and by unfolding human char-

acter, by softening the asperities of tempers, by polishing rudeness and refining grossness, wins our consent to its poetic expression.

It remains to speak briefly of another poetic attribute peculiar to manufactures. This is its *magic* character. The sentiment of veneration delights in the contemplation of extraordinary human achievement. Oppressed with a sense of its own impotence, it seeks an alliance with the strong. Constitutionally abhorring the finite, it grasps eagerly after the Infinite. Gladly does the human soul read in the performances of those fashioned in its own likeness the presage which responds to its inward sense of power. Hence the pleasure experienced on witnessing life and activity suddenly emerging into new existence. Man feels himself imbued with creative energy, and claims kindred with the Deity. His finger is the wand which transforms the waste place into the fertile field; his nod, a beck to marshal new hosts into efficient action. At the voice of manufactures how has Christendom had its landscapes enriched with villages and towns of magic creation. A central organ of life, its pulsations are felt to the extremities of the globe. The cotton field smiles at its bidding, and the reaper cuts his harvests with fresh courage. At its demand the earth disgorges fuel from its bowels, nor does it withhold its most valuable ores and minerals. Mankind revive and are gladdened at its presence. The pulse of being beats fuller through its agency. The song of free enjoyment responds to the hum of the spindle.

Thus does the loom become a harp from which is rung out a full chorus of melody. Thus is much of genuine poetry extracted from the dull prose of manufactures. v.

QUESTIONS AND HINTS.

ARE we not, as Unitarians, saying and doing too little for Unitarianism? Are we not virtually admitting, and often positively asserting, that Unitarianism is of little consequence? Supposing this true in the sense in which we mean it, is it true absolutely, is it true relatively, and is it not sure to be so construed and used as to

make it both false and injurious? Is not Unitarianism the Gospel? Is it not a doctrine as well as a life, faith as well as works? Is there any danger of its being regarded too much as a doctrine by our own people, or by any? Have our own people ever heard too much doctrine? Have they heard enough? Do they know enough of their own doctrines? Do they think enough of their importance? Are they able to explain them when questioned, or defend them when assailed? Can they give always a reason of the hope that is in them? Is not this defect in us, as preachers and people, one great cause of our seeming coldness, the actual indifference and inaction of many among us, and the comparative ease with which some are drawn off to other preaching and different doctrines? While it is false that our preaching generally is wanting in earnestness, or closeness, or power, is it not true that it fails to give that clear and full doctrinal statement, or insist upon the value and necessity of sound doctrine with that emphasis, which are needed for conviction, courage, firmness, and faithfulness?—In these questions and hints are we right or wrong? H.

SAINT BERNHARD AND JOHN WESLEY.

At the beginning of the twelfth century the Church of Rome was at the height of its power. Luxury had crept into it, but had not yet done the work of destruction. There was in the heart of the Roman Pontiff the consciousness of unlimited dominion, with the will to exercise his power. The Head of the Church was rather a temporal than a spiritual sovereign.

Yet at this time there was a monk in a French cloister, who was mightier than the chief Bishop of the Church in his splendid palace. The name of Bernhard of Clairvaux was a name before which the false teachers and false doers of the Church trembled; a name which was respected and honored above the greatest. There was one in that retired valley,* who watched while he prayed and

* Clairvaux was a wild, dreary, valley in the bishopric of Langres, in the South of France. It was before called the valley of wormwood (vallis

fasted, who was ever at hand to check corruption in high places and low places,—to combat error, to quiet discontent,—before whom heresy was dumb. As a ruler of the spirits of the flock, as a preserver of its order and discipline, as a controller of its energies, the monk was above the Pontiff. If the one sought to add to the pomp and majesty of the Roman dominion, the other labored to extend the saving influences of the Church, and to raise its spiritual tone. In Bernhard the reformer and conservative were united. He would make the Church pure and peaceful by keeping it above the struggles of States and kings, an arbiter, not a party.

The state of the English Church in the eighteenth century was in many points similar to that of the Papal in Bernhard's time. It was worldly, but powerful. It was more interested in State intrigues than in maintaining its spiritual dignity. It had a very decent exterior; its ministers were respectable, lived well, and did their prescribed duties; the Church was in rather better moral condition than the body of the people, and was suffering, rather than doing harm, by its connexion with the State. Still its health was deceptive; the spirit within was dead or dying, and a reformer was needed to call it into life.

To call John Wesley a reformer, in the common sense of that word, would be giving him a title which he never claimed or desired. Like the Catholic Saint, he would restore, not by destroying, but by holding on and going back to the old landmarks of faith. His was the voice which proclaimed at that time, when worldliness in practice kept pace with indifference in doctrine, the true idea of authority—the power of the simple and sincere minister to give help to his disciples and life to the world. Like a true-hearted son, he held that his mother Church was the appointed instrument to bring peace and salvation to those who would partake in these Christian blessings: and however schismatic his conduct and teachings might have seemed to those appointed to

absinthialis,) on account of its being the haunt of robbers. After the convent was built it was called "fair valley" (*clara vallis*.) There are some Latin lines of an old French poet which celebrate its charms, (*N. Hacqueville de laudibus Bernardi*.) The valley was given for a convent about A. D. 1112, by Count Hugo of Champagne, whose devotion led him to make a pilgrimage to Palestine and to become a Knight Templar. See *Neander's Life of Bernhard*. Part I. Note 5.

govern, he was himself never ready to forsake the institution consecrated to him by early love and the holiest associations.

But though there were points of resemblance in the state of the Church when Bernhard and Wesley appeared, there was a wide difference in the condition of the world at these two epochs. And this difference will account for the different influence which the two men have had upon the world, and the contrast in their methods of action and the developments of their characters. For the principal traits in the characters of both men were essentially the same. If the Saint had lived in the age of Bolingbroke and Chesterfield and Swift, his intolerant spirit might have been somewhat tempered and his demeanor much less harsh and unyielding. If John Wesley had lived before the schoolmen, no man better qualified than he to have answered Abelard's arguments by the terrors of excommunication,* or to have sent an obstinate Emperor to the wars in Palestine to atone for a tardy submission.† In the natural disposition of the two men, it is true, there was quite a remarkable contrast. Bernhard was stern and implacable, slow to forgive and unwilling to spare. His ill-will once gained, the unfortunate man who incurred it had no rest till a full and manifest repentance had appeased his offended enemy. Wesley almost realized the Christian rule of forgiving until seventy times seven, so mild was he in his temper, so indisposed to strife of the heart.‡ Treachery, to most men an unpardonable sin, was no bar to his friendship. He

* Abelard was the pioneer of the schoolmen and was the first great philosophical teacher after the revival of letters. He was the leading "Rationalist" of his time. His dialectic skill, great learning and winning manners drew together crowds of students to listen to him from all parts of the world. In spite of the prohibitions and persecutions of Bernhard and the Church authorities, the impulse which he gave to liberal thought was felt till the time of the Reformation. But he was not strong enough to stand against the mighty power which Bernhard wielded against him, and died peaceably in a French cloister.

† While the other powers of the Catholic world fell in with Bernhard's plan of a Crusade, Conrad, the German Emperor, obstinately resisted. After trying every other means of persuasion without effect, Bernhard addressed the Emperor personally after a mass before the Court. He spoke to the Emperor as a man, appealing to his fears of a future judgment, and stimulating his hopes of pardon by proposing the Crusade as a penance. Conrad burst into tears and sobbed forth, "I am ready to serve God,—he himself exhorts me."

‡ In this respect he was quite unlike his brother Charles. For instances of his remarkably forgiving temper, see Southey's *Life of Wesley*.

would receive the deceiver to his confidence with the proofs of deception fresh before him. But even this difference in disposition grew, in great measure, out of the different circumstances of the two men. The power which Bernhard possessed was of a kind to bring out the harder features of character. Sternness grows naturally out of an iron rule, and severity out of an infallible authority. And he had power, not only over the spiritual welfare of men, but over their lives and fortunes. The humbler authority which Wesley possessed was best preserved and administered in a meek and quiet spirit. Though absolute in its character, it would lose influence and respect by becoming tyranny.

The leading trait in the characters of the two men was a deep earnestness. Their devotion to their great object was thoroughly hearty and sincere. The work which they undertook was their genuine work, not a means to some other end. While life lasted they did not abandon it. They were not mere preachers, set apart by custom or by a transient youthful inclination for the defence of the Church and the promulgation of truth, but men who were called to the work, men whose whole souls were given up to the higher impulse which dictated their duty. It was no caprice which led the young Bernhard from a camp to a cloister,* from fame and glory to a thankless service in fasts and vigils, with the prospect of being soon forgotten. The purpose which he then formed was not one to be defeated by the hard experience of a monk's life. It was no whim which led the founder of the Methodists to separate himself at Oxford from friends and society and the honors of success. People might laugh at both these men, and their friends try to turn them from their strange courses; but ridicule and persuasion were alike without effect upon men so thoroughly in earnest. They had received as by an inspiration the knowledge of what was to be their true action in the world, and in carrying out this they were never weary nor faint.

They believed it was their part to teach men the supremacy of religion over all worldly interests, to restore to the Church its rightful authority, and to build up the kingdom of Christ as the

* Bernhard, as well as his brothers, was educated for a soldier. But his call to God's service by visions and dreams and pious vows was too strong to be disobeyed. And he not only became a monk himself, but made his brothers partakers in the same lot.

highest kingdom. Though other motives influenced them, this was ever their leading motive to action. Bernhard has been called "a cunning monk,"—and some of his acts show that the epithet was not undeserved. But he was cunning in what he believed the cause of God. He was cunning only where stratagem would serve his turn better than open warfare. His art is a proof of his sincerity, not of his deceitful temper. And nobody thinks Wesley insincere because he held to the Church, while he gave up some of her doctrines. In the one great purpose of their lives both these men were constant, ardent, untiring. There is something beautiful in the consistency of their latest thoughts and acts with their youthful resolutions;—the worn-out monk getting up from his sick bed to reconcile a dispute in a distant city, and then returning to his cloister to die;*—the journals of Wesley in his eighty-fifth year breathing the same spirit of trust and hope and zeal that fired the student in his College days,—a white-haired old man, preaching daily with strong voice and undimmed eye the truths and promises which quickened his young enthusiasm.† Nor does the fact that they were skilled in maintaining a fair exterior conflict with the idea of their sincerity. They were both, notwithstanding their inwardness and love of retirement, men of the world. They knew the world well, were close observers, and governed their conduct according to their knowledge. We may not call them deceivers because they did not see fit to speak their whole mind at all times, nor because they preferred to appear as well as possible. They took the world as they found it, and adapted their speech and demeanor to circumstances. And in this the customs of their Church and of society fully justified them.

It is not to be denied, that both of them were ambitious, that

* A quarrel, which threatened fearful results, had arisen between the people of Metz and the nobility of the neighborhood. The Archbishop, Hillin of Triers, called upon the dying Bernhard to come and reconcile the parties. He forgot all his weakness and disappointment and met the delegates of the two parties on the banks of the Moselle. For an account of the interview, in which the dignity and firmness of the feeble Saint completely conquered the arrogant obstinacy of the Knights, see Neander's *Life of Bernhard*, page 294.

† It was Wesley's custom to preach three times every day until within a week or two of his death.

they loved power and a high place. No monarch ever longed more for wide temporal rule than did the self-denying Saint for sway over the Church. It was a proud day for the Cistercian Abbot when a Pope was ready to fly to him for succour,* and to acknowledge the triple crown as a gift from his condescending hand. John Wesley for fifty years was a Pope to the sect which he had founded. He knew and loved his authority. All offices in the body were of his gift. He was the judge of doctrine and of practice. He could set down or put up. All discipline was from him and from his decision there was no appeal. The whole action and thought of his vast circuits were centred in him, a modest preacher like the rest. But the ambition of these men must have been subject to a higher feeling, or it would not have been content with so little pomp and display. They had that proud consciousness of superiority which disdained such worldly accompaniments as kings and nobles use to manifest their power. They had the feeling that they were made to rule. And they had evidence of their power in the unsolicited testimonies of affection which followed them, in the crowds which listened to their words, in the tears and prayers which told that there was joy in their presence.

And their sanctified ambition, if we may call it so, was aided by the remarkable talent for governing which both possessed. No men were better fitted to make laws and draw up constitutions, or to direct them when made. They were eminently practical men. They were not men to make useless regulations or to impose idle restraints. The system of discipline† which Bernhard strove to fix in the Church is clearly the system which at that time was calculated to make it pure both in doctrine and practice, to save it from heresy and to keep it immaculate. John Wesley has been called, and not without reason, the greatest legislator of modern times. His Methodist system has been a wonder to statesmen. Its simplicity is not more remarkable than its capacity for enlarge-

* In no part of Bernhard's life does his immense influence appear more conspicuous than in the time of the contest between the rival Popes, Innocent and Anacleto. Anacleto was supported by the wealthiest and strongest powers, but Bernhard's authority kept Innocent in his seat.

† This system may be gathered from Bernhard's Epistles. See Mabillon's edition of his works.

ment. Its comprehensiveness is not more singular than the ease and harmony which marked its working.

The genius of the monk was remarkably shown by his success in settling disputes, both in Church and State. He was the great pacificator of his time, notwithstanding he preached a Crusade. If a controversy arose between some restless doctors, Bernhard was sure to come in to smooth down the discord. If the parties of rival Popes divided the Church, the voice of Bernhard upon the troubled waters was the restoration of peace. If a slight civil dissension in some distant city came to his ear, Bernhard was at hand to quench the flame, and prevent it from spreading. Before his stern warnings and severe rebukes kings and prelates bowed and were silent. Not that he himself lived in peace and quiet. No men longed more for repose than both he and Wesley. Yet, by a singular fatality, they were ever restless and in action. They hated controversy, yet were constantly engaged in it. They protested against disputes, yet made themselves parties in these by their very protestations. They were always trying to make peace by means of war. They both professed to love retirement, yet could never keep in retirement. They were brought out in spite of themselves. The Abbot of Clairvaux was perpetually praying to be left at peace in his convent, and inventing new fasts and spiritual exercises to turn his soul the more away from active life; yet no weariness which the experience of each trouble gave him was sufficient to keep him from mingling in the next which came up. Wesley declared on his return from America, that he was sated with noise, hurry and fatigue and was resolved to retire out of the world at once, seeking nothing but to be at rest. "For a long season," says he, "the greatest pleasure we had desired on this side eternity was,

*'Tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres,
Quaerentem quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque.'*

We wanted nothing, we looked for nothing more in this world, when we were dragged out again by earnest importunity to preach at one place and another, and so carried on, we know not how, without any design but the general one of saving souls, into a situation which would have appeared far worse than death, had it been named to us at first."

The intellectual character of the two men, as it appears in their writings, consists well with their character as shown in action. They were not men of far-reaching mind, they were narrow and dogmatic, looked at questions only on one side, and had as little talent as fondness for keen or profound argument. They were too fond of authority to inquire freely, and too practical to love ingenious speculations. Theological discussion was not their province, though they were constantly driven to engage in it. Men of little zeal and less influence would have worsted Wesley in argument, and Bernhard with all his daring knew too much to come into the lists with Gilbert and Abelard. They were satisfied with their faith, and what they sought was not to reason about it or to prove it, but to propagate it.

Neither of them did much for or against theology. Say what the "watchman" of the Church would, the doctors of the Church would speculate, and discourse and write, and excommunication and persecution were a weak argument against their opinions. Calvinism suffered little from the blows of the founder of Methodism, and if the Arminian theory rested upon his reasoning, it would find few supporters now. Theology was not their province. They were practical men, and their influence upon religion and the world was that of actors, not of thinkers.

Bernhard lived at a time when he could exercise an immense influence. In the day when books were in manuscript and the spoken word alone could move men, the great preacher was the great man. And from the record of its effects, Bernhard's eloquence must have been wonderful. Add to his power in hushing rebellion, in exciting zeal, in overawing the proud, the other attractions of the man—his austerities, his simple habits, his superiority to worldly dignities, his unaffected piety, and we need not wonder that he was known so widely, that he was endowed with Apostolic authority and the sanctity of a miracle-worker, that a grateful Church should canonize him. Wesley in his more enlightened age, with equal gifts and graces, could have but a very inferior power. A sect indeed could call him leader, but this was comparatively small and poor and numbered scarcely one of the honored of the land. Few of his brethren in the Church knew of his

movements, and fewer still cared for them. To most he was a weak fanatic. Books were written to ridicule him. To none was his right arm an arm of terror. He was as eloquent and moving as the Catholic monk, crowds were in tears around him, and blessings followed his path ; but when the great or the proud heard him, they came to laugh and went away untouched. Yet his influence, small as its aggregate was at that time, has been in its results greater than that of the great Bernhard. For the latter was merely the " great man " in his own time. He did nothing by which posterity will remember him, nothing to isolate him from his age, to set him apart as a distinct worker. The founder of a sect stands out from the great body ; he is not lost in the mass.

And Bernhard has taken his place in the catalogue of Saints, illustrious with them, but not apart from them. Who knows or cares for him now ? His life fills a paragraph in the *Encyclopedias*. His writings are dust-covered folios in a dead language. The school-boy hears his name, but can only find out about him that he was a great man once, and preached up a Crusade. The pious Catholic prays for his intercession, but calls upon a hundred others in the same breath. His fame has departed, and his name alone survives upon the Church's record. Wesley needs no place in the calendar to secure an immortality. A sect of Christians, as wide-spread as Christianity itself, revere his name and rejoice to call him father. The praise of his zeal and piety is in all their churches. And where his name is known, his life and character are familiar. He lives in the hearts and lives of his followers. He is to Methodists what Luther is to Protestants. And more than this. The practical direction which he has given to piety has gone out from his sect into the action of the Christian world. It has turned men away from wranglings about doctrine and faith to charity and earnestness in Christian endeavor. The echo of his words comes back to us from the isles of the sea. His missionaries are in the East and the West. Generations of those who will never hear the name of the Catholic Saint are rising up to call him blessed. He has left his mark upon the world, and every day deepens and widens it. He has rested from his labors, but his works still follow him.

C. H. B.

THE IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION.

A SERMON, BY REV. AUGUSTUS C. L. ARNOLD.

LUKE X. 42. And Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.

THE deeply rooted habit of considering Jesus Christ apart from all those human sympathies, which are justly deemed honorable to our nature, is a serious obstacle in the way of forming a proper estimate of his character. In the splendor and majesty which habit has associated in our minds with the idea of the Son of God, we lose sight of the virtues of the Son of Man. But when we banish our prejudices, and look upon the beautiful picture of his life, as it is delineated on the pages of the faithful Evangelist, we discover a character entirely new,—a freshness and vividness, an attractiveness and loveliness, a gentleness and simplicity, which awaken our highest admiration and love.

His intercourse with the family of Lazarus forms one of the most beautiful parts of his life. The depth and purity of affection which he here evinces, his strong attachments and tender solicitude for those around him, bring him home to our hearts, and give him a place in our warmest and deepest affections. In the bosom of this amiable family Jesus frequently found a home. And when his heart was wounded and made sad by the ingratitude of that world which he would bless and save, he found a soothing cordial in the kind attentions of Lazarus and his sisters. His oft-repeated visits to their peaceful dwelling in Bethany were ever hailed, we have reason to think, with emotions of the highest pleasure. Yet no partialities to his friends, nor their attentions to him, could make him forget for a moment the great object of his mission. Wherever he was, he was the teacher and guide, as well as the cherished friend and associate. He rebuked and warned, yet with such inimitable delicacy and gentleness, that they could not but love him more deeply, while they smarted under his just reproofs.

Martha and Mary were equally sincere and devout; their attachments to Jesus were equally strong. The error of Martha, there-

fore, was not a sin. It pertained to the judgment, rather than the heart. She was anxious that her illustrious guest should be honorably served, and hence busied herself unreasonably about her household duties. Jesus, seeing the unnecessary arrangements which she was making, said to her ; ‘Martha, thou art too much troubled about these comparatively trifling matters. You give yourself needless anxiety on my account. My wants are few, and easily supplied ; for I came not to be feasted and served, but to instruct and to save the world. One dish of food, and that of the simplest kind, is all that is needful. Mary has chosen a wiser part. She has neglected those unnecessary courtesies, which, however much the world may esteem them, I can well dispense with, and applied herself to the subject of religion ; being anxious to gain that divine knowledge—that spiritual food, which, not like the meat that perishes, endures to everlasting life.’

If it be true that the Christian religion is connected with all the interests of the soul both for time and eternity, if it be the only power that can raise us above the events of life and give us stability in the midst of an unstable world, then all other considerations dwindle away before it into absolute nothingness. No one who believes the soul to be the nobler part of man will deny, that the claims of religion are paramount to all others. “Mary hath chosen *that good part*,” says Jesus ; the unwearied pursuit of religious truth—the cultivation of her moral nature—the acquisition of intellectual wealth ; and this “shall not be taken away from her.” The inference which we draw from this language is, that religion is a matter of the utmost consequence ; and that it would be wise in us, often to turn aside from our business and our pleasures, and lend an attentive ear to its salutary counsels.

‘But why,’ one may ask, ‘why should I give my attention to religion ? What is *it*, that it should break in upon my business and pleasures, and disturb me in my gainful pursuits ? What claims can it have to my regard, above the world in the midst of which I live, and which I so much love ? What right has it to meddle with my affairs, and to speak out in such authoritative tones, of what is right and what is wrong—of what I *must* do, and what I *must not* do ? Ever are these questions in the heart of the worldling. To him religion has few charms, and is always an

unwelcome visitor; for it breaks the spell in which he has been bound, it disperses the illusions which had cast a deceitful radiance into his soul, and tells him the terrible truths, that he has a conscience and that a righteous retribution awaits him in the future.

We answer, in the first place, that the Christian religion is important, as it respects its relations with our condition in the present life; and, in the second place, that it is infinitely important, as it respects its relations with our condition in that life which is to come.

I. Religion would be an affair of vast importance, did we consult merely its results in the present life,—its beneficent influence on man and on society. But I speak not now of the influence of religion on society, in keeping alive in all classes a principle of justice, and thus compelling them to respect each other's rights. I do not speak of it now as essential to the prosperity and peace of communities; but rather as it respects the individual. I would address myself to men and women, who are responsible in their own persons to the tribunal above.

Man is subject to continual change. Life itself implies this. To say that man lives, is only to say that his earthly existence is a series of changes—a succession of scenes, which pass on like the representations of the theatre. Yet not wholly like these do they pass. These are but fictions; while the scenes of life are scenes of solemn reality, and their record remains on the undying soul. No situation in life can be conceived of, which is secure from reverses. Health speaks to us of disease; and joy reminds us of sorrow; and pleasure tells us of the hour of pain. Poverty and the hovel frequently become the portion of sordid avarice, in exchange for vast wealth and a splendid mansion; and life, dear, cherished, and, I had almost said, *deified* life—for what do we worship more than life?—*life*, even, vanishes as a phantom; and as its brief portions crumble away, as its weeks and months rush by, they warn us of the season of decay and the night of the grave. The greatest prosperity always has reverses to fear. "Is not this great Babylon which I have made," said one of the mightiest monarchs of the ancient world; and he thought he stood *secure*, above the clouds, where the sun would always shine and no storms ever reach him, and he boasted of his greatness; but

anon he was a homeless maniac, wandering in the forests, and herding with the beasts of the field. Prosperity then, even in its highest degree, is by no means firm. Like the sun, it is often obscured by the clouds which its own brightness has attracted around it.

Now in all these changes we need the supports and counsels of religion. Without her we wander in darkness, and are ever liable to fall. But with her we walk securely, firmly. And what a comfort, my brethren, what a comfort it is to us, when the world has disappointed all our expectations,—when it no more responds to our sympathies, when its radiant hues have departed, and it seems to us a waste, howling wilderness, when we are weary of its vaunted pleasures, its vain amusements, its unsatisfactory pursuits, and, above all, of its heartless professions and base hypocrisy,—what a comfort it is, to have a friend, a counsellor, who can open to us a more satisfying prospect, and present to us another class of objects, which shall not so severely disappoint our hopes nor so terribly outrage our affections. Such a friend we have in religion; at least, if such be our choice—for it depends on ourselves, whether religion be our friend. For the loss of the world she will console us with the hope of heaven; of earthly glory, with the promise of an unfading crown in the paradise of God; of riches or whatever portion of property we may have had, with the assurance of a treasure incorruptible and immortal; and for the loss of the loved and the loving, she will give us a glimpse of heaven, where the sun of friendship never goes down and where the tie of affection is never broken.

If we have only been faithful to the obligations which religion imposes; if we have been honest and just in our dealings, and charitable and kind and disinterested in our intercourse with men; if we have sought to bring all our passions and appetites under the control of reason and conscience, and our views, feelings, habits, and affections into the order of virtue; if we have remembered and feared and loved God; if we have sought to make our souls the reflections of heaven's purity; in fine, if we have studied to realize in ourselves the excellence which shone in the character and example of Jesus; there is no power, nor circumstance, that can make us wretched. Come what may, we are immovable; we

stand on the Rock of Ages. We have chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from us. We have *within us* those sources of bliss, which the world can neither give, nor take away,—those fountains of peace, which neither poverty, bereavement, sickness, nor even death can dry up.

But were man a stranger to adversity ; were the world always bright with hope, and had no cloud ever gone up to dim the splendor of its sky ; were human life one even flow of prosperity ; were there no reverses to fear, nor bodily pains to dread ; in a word, were every physical want supplied ; there would still be a need, a pressing need of religion. There is a *soul*, which has its relations, and wants, and infirmities, as well as the body ; and these religion alone can meet. The mind, the undying spirit of man—what a world of mighty thoughts, and divine aspirations, and unbounded desires ! It sighs after the Infinite and Eternal, and finds the creation too small to satisfy its demands. The immortal mind needs supports which the world fails to afford ; it longs for a peace which neither gold nor glory can purchase. It goes forth into the illimitable, in search of objects which will answer to its own ideal of good. Seeking a realization of its visions of excellence, it wanders through eternity. Can you say then, can you *think*, my brethren, that the *soul*, which traverses the universe ;—which travels backward through the ages, and holds communion with the spirits of departed generations ; which in its contemplations leaps from star to star, from sun to sun, from system to system, through the immeasurable regions of space ; and which is destined to live, when the heavens shall depart as a scroll, and the earth be dissolved by fire ;—can you think, that such a soul may be satisfied with this poor world—this brief, vanishing life—these momentary bubbles of joy ? No ; you cannot think thus. There is a world of affections treasured up in your hearts, which finds no response nor sympathy in the world of sense without. The infidel himself finds the world *too poor*, and, while he ridicules religion and scoffs at its solemnities and affects to regard it as a trifling matter, an inward voice rebukes his stupendous folly, and speaks out in earnest tones in defence of religion. No ; the soul, the immortal soul cannot confine its soaring thoughts to this little earth ; and its wandering desires can find no rest, but in humble submission to, and in close union with Him, who filleth all in all.

II. But, in the second place, religion is important, as it respects our condition in the future life ; or, in other words, it is important as a preparation for death. And here I would not speak in exaggerated terms. I would not excite groundless fears, nor throw imaginary terrors around death and the grave. But is it not true, that after death cometh judgment ; and does it not therefore become us to inquire, by what means we may avoid the pains and obtain the recompenses of eternity ? I say not, in this connexion, what will prepare us for a happy departure from this world ; but I know—my brethren, you know—what will *not* do this. Sin will not prepare us to die well. When the sinner,—he who has lived without having the fear of God or man before his eyes ; who, to get a little wealth, has wronged the widow and orphan, and ground the face of the poor, and taken advantage of the inexperience and ignorance of those with whom he has dealt ; who has scoffed at religion, ridiculed piety, outraged conscience, and disregarded every warning from on high ; when such an one comes to die, there is a terror around the bed of death. Such an one is not prepared to die. His last hours will be hours of anguish. The past glides in rapid review before him ; but what a dismal picture ! Ruin, desolation, death stand out there in appalling colors. The blessings of grateful hearts, hearts that have been gladdened by his charities, do not follow him ; but the execrations of an injured world ring in his ears, as it were a summons to the bar of God, anticipating his future doom. And if the past be such a terrific picture, what must the future be ? The future is always the maturity of the past ; a creation formed from its materials ; a reality, of which the past was a type ; a *fruit*, of which it was the seed. What, therefore, must his future be, if it take its complexion from the tenor of his life ? An ocean, heaving terribly with storms, and covered with clouds and darkness ! And as he launches forth upon it in his frail bark, he hears in the distance the deep mutterings of the thunders, and sees the gleamings of the lightnings of retribution ! Will it not, my friends, will it not be a fearful thing, for such an one to die ?

It is religion, then, and religion alone, that can support man in life, and take away the sting of death. The man of piety has sublime and elevated views of God. He knows Him as the Father of his spirit, his truest Friend and Benefactor. In all life's

changes and toils and troubles he feels, that there is in the universe one Being in whose bosom he can safely repose. Religion, as a faithful friend, attends him every where, and every where it opens around him new sources of enjoyment. It throws new charms around his earthly dwelling, and sheds the radiance of heaven over the whole scene of his life. He has no fear. Be life or death before him, he is equally prepared. He has made the wise choice,—laid up treasure in heaven, and secured his everlasting interests beyond the power of time. With the utmost composure he lays himself down upon that bed, from which he shall never rise again. Draw near now, ye faithless, ye indifferent, ye sordid, ye sinful men ! and behold how a Christian can die. Come, press around, ye sons of error and of darkness ! and witness that sublimest of all spectacles, the believer's triumph over death. With tranquillity he arranges his temporal affairs, commits his children with confidence to the protection of their Creator, and drives from his soul every care of earth. 'Now,' he exclaims, 'I have done with the world. Ye deceitful and empty objects of time, which I have too long pursued and loved, come not to trouble me more. Ye shadows of mortality, begone ! come not in between me, and Him who is now the only light of my soul.' Listen now to the last counsels of his trembling voice,—that voice which already sounds as if it were not of this world. Ye young, who have set your hearts upon illusive pleasures and the frivolities of the world ! hear him describe their emptiness, and declare how utterly unworthy they are to receive attention from man. Ye skeptics ! hear him speak of the precious promises and high hopes and mighty encouragements of that religion, which ye in your foolish pride cast away as an idle dream. 'O eternity ! eternity ! transporting thought ! that alone can measure my joy. Its glories are already revealed to my view ; and voices, as of angels, whisper sweetly in my ear.' He lingers for a moment, as the setting star, on the verge of time. A light, as from heaven, and a smile, as of a seraph, pass over his features, and his triumphant spirit is reposing in the presence of his God. How calmly he passed away ! The sun, after finishing his course in the heavens, descends with a serene and tempered majesty to his repose,

" Embosom'd by the purple West."

So, with a mild and steady splendor, the Christian goes down to the grave. To the grave? No. While the sun appears to be setting in darkness, is he not rising with increased brightness on other lands, and carrying joy to other hearts? Thus the Christian, while he disappears among the clouds which gather their long and shadowy forms on the confines of the world, is beaming as a new star, with accumulated splendor, on the horizon of eternity.

“How blessed the righteous when he dies!
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves the expiring breast!
 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
 How bright the unchanging morn appears!
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 How blessed the righteous when he dies!”

In conclusion, my brethren, let me ask, Have you chosen this “better part?”—this portion, which shall never be taken away from you. Do you embrace every opportunity to converse with Jesus? Do you sympathize with his character? Do you meditate, as often as you should, on those great truths and principles which he uttered with his lips and illustrated in his life? Or are you careful and troubled about many things—things of trifling moment—vain amusements—sinful pursuits? What vast folly—I am constrained to say it—what vast folly to busy oneself so much with these worthless trifles, to the neglect of that which is of infinite importance. Men, for the most part, acknowledge the importance of religion; nay, they speak gratefully of the privileges which they enjoy; and yet these very privileges they continually abuse, and this religion they dishonor every day. They thank God with their lips, that he has given them opportunities for improvement, and yet these very opportunities they disregard, and choose rather to spend their time in frivolous amusements than in the acquisition of intellectual wealth. With such persons I cannot employ other than the language of solemn and earnest expostulation. I cannot but say, You have reversed the order of Providence. God demands—aye, and the interests of your souls demand—that the best of your years and the most valuable portion of your time be devoted

to intellectual and moral culture—to the service of God ; and yet you give them all to the world, to pleasure, to business !

The ancient Israelites, forsaking the worship of Jehovah, brought their religious offerings and laid them on the altars of Baal, their idol-god. But when in the hour of their need they wished their god to manifest himself and come to their rescue, there was no voice that responded to their cries. " O Baal," they exclaimed, " hear us ;" and they leaped upon the altar in despair, and cut themselves with knives ; but their god was powerless ; there was no voice, nor answer. Thus, O ye worshippers of the world, ye sensual, and earthly men ! thus will it be with you. The time will come when you will need a happiness, inward, spiritual, intellectual. In vain will you apply to the world for peace. It has it not to give. The idols which you have worshipped will not respond to your cries. Wealth, honor, dignities, all these will be tarnished and have ceased to give you satisfaction, or they will have forsaken you and be vanishing in the distance. O, as you would not be left desolate in the hour of your need, make that choice which wisdom recommends. Then will you enjoy rest, and peace, and security. Yes, that rest which the world knows not of shall be yours ; rest such as angels have in the paradise of God ; rest, which God only can give, and Christians only enjoy ; rest eternal, because God who gives it is eternal.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

THIS doctrine is accepted by every Christian denomination. They all believe that God is good ; perfectly good ; as good as it is possible he should be ; without any limitation to his goodness but that of impossibility. On this important point are all Christians agreed. But in reasoning from this point of doctrine they differ widely. Two Christian denominations have made very great account of the doctrine of the Divine goodness—the Hopkinsians and the Universalists. It is their favorite theme. In discussing it they are strong, animated and joyful. But the purposes for which

they employ this doctrine are distinct and very dissimilar. The Hopkinsians have used it for the purpose of proving the doctrine of Divine decrees; the Universalists, to prove the final happiness of all men. The former have been accustomed to hold the following train of reasoning:—‘God is infinitely wise, and knows what system is the best; he is also perfectly good, and therefore disposed to adopt the best plan of creation and providence; he is moreover omnipotent, and consequently able to accomplish whatever he prefers and desires. The conclusion from these premises must be, that the best possible scheme of constituting and administering God’s universal kingdom has been devised and fixed certainly and immutably. All things then succeed as already decreed, and immutable impulses rule us. God has decreed whatsoever comes to pass, for otherwise he might be disappointed and unforeseen contingencies alarm him.’ Thus the Hopkinsians. The Universalists take up the argument in the same shape and dress as the Hopkinsians; dwell upon it with the same confidence and satisfaction; and turn it to the account of proving man’s final and universal happiness.

The argument is plausible. It seems to prove, first, the doctrine of Divine decrees and, secondly, the salvation of the whole human family. The Hopkinsians stopped with the first result; the Universalists go through to the last. But has not each of these parties made some mistake? Are the premises of the argument adequately understood? It is on all hands conceded, that God cannot accomplish impossibilities. There is always a perilous liability to error, when we reason wholly from abstract principles. We want facts in connection with them, and should never rest in conclusions which these do not justify; they are the beacon-light by which our course is to be guided. Reasoning abstractly from the perfect goodness of God, we might never arrive at the conclusion, that he would have produced such a place as our world. We should not be willing to admit the possibility of so much imperfection, iniquity and suffering. Yet all this is consistent with the perfection of God. The world could not have been made better than it is. It might have been different, but not more perfect. Some evils doubtless might have been avoided, but it must have been at the expense of some others, direct or indirect; which would, on

the whole, have been no gain, but a loss. Most of the evils incident to this world result from the fixed and uniform tendencies of elementary nature. The world has a *constitution*. It was produced, and is governed, by a general providence. That God's providence is general, we have irrefragable evidence. All our calculations are made on this principle. All our knowledge of the world stands on this ground. If the world had not a constitution, it would be impossible for us *to know* any thing about it. We could employ no *means* with any prospect of success. The cultivation of the earth would be no more likely to give us bread, than roving the forests or lounging on our beds. Idleness would stand on a level with industry. But we know that the tendencies of nature are uniform; "the earth is weighed in a scale, and the hills in a balance." All its forces and movements are equable; they change not.

Providence, then, is general, that is, *constitutional*; at least, to a certain extent. And this extent must be broad, or we could not make our calculations as we do. Now if God's providence be general, it follows that it is for the best that it should be such. God, in his perfection, has so ordained. But Hopkinsians and Universalists reason on the principle of a particular providence in all its parts. Hence they obtain their conclusions, that every event is individually decreed, and that every evil is designed to be the means of a future and over-balancing good. But neither of these conclusions can be obtained from the doctrine of a general providence. In such a providence there are no particular ends. Every thing is general—the end, as well as the means; and the assumption that every evil is the designed means of a future good, is an inconsistency. It recognizes a general providence. A particular providence first introduces the evil, and then a general providence takes it up and turns it to a good account.

The doctrine of the goodness of God, therefore, does not prove either that individual events are decreed, or that evils are the means of future good. There are doubtless many evils which are not balanced by the future, but, so far as balanced at all, by the past. God's work is perfect, but "who can find it out after Him?" Let our confidence be firm and unshaken. We may believe that whatever is, is a part of that providential system which is the best possible. We must reason from facts in connection with abstract

principles. Both the word and providence of God promise competence to the industrious ; wisdom to those who seek for it ; a reward to those who " do good and communicate ;" and the life everlasting to those who fear God and obey the Gospel of his Son. And with this doctrine let our thirst for speculation on the point under consideration be satisfied. Let us rest in the truth, " that who ever doeth wrong shall receive of the wrong which he hath done ;" and that the way of righteousness is the avenue to peace, glory and immortal felicity.

S. F.

THE TRINITY NOT A DOCTRINE OF SCRIPTURE.

A friend has permitted us to publish the following letter written by a gentleman who was formerly a Trinitarian minister, but was obliged by his examination of the Scriptures to reject the doctrine of the Trinity from its want of foundation in the Bible. It is worthy of perusal, both as a genuine account of a change of belief, and as an indication of the true reply to the argument which the Trinitarian adduces from Scripture in support of his faith. ED. MISC.

If the following statement of facts in my own history and experience will in your judgment be of any service to the cause of truth, it is at your disposal. While a Trinitarian, I was often embarrassed with the apparent contradiction in the notion of three distinct persons in one God ; but used to compose my mind by resorting to the common method of wrapping it up in mystery. I conceived that it must be so ; but could form no definite ideas of the subject. For many years I have had an ardent love of the truth, and have been willing to give up preconceived opinions for the sake of knowing the mind and will of God. In the course of my inquiries I perceived that great stress is laid upon the fact that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and consequently examined Dr. Watts's notion of the pre-existence of his human spirit ; but was rather checked by the following caution by a learned brother,— " Beware ; it is dangerous ground." I also reflected upon the

notion of some able modern Trinitarians, that the Sonship is founded on the humanity merely ; but still did not relinquish the former belief of an eternal generation.

At length, the question concerning the proper foundation of the Sonship was about to be formerly discussed in the Ministerial Conference to which I belonged, and it was necessary that I should be prepared to take a part. And in endeavoring to settle my opinion and be ready to give an intelligent answer, I began seriously to doubt the whole subject of the Trinity. I perceived that there were very formidable objections to the doctrine of Christ's eternal Sonship ; and yet if this were relinquished, a great portion of the testimony on which I had relied must be given up. By this time my mind was so arrested that I could not be quiet, and accordingly I resolved to investigate the entire subject and abide the result. I did so ; and after a few months became perfectly satisfied that the Trinitarian hypothesis cannot be sustained by the Scriptures. Of the many passages claimed by Trinitarians I found that only twenty-five or thirty had any particular bearing upon the subject. These I classed together ; and then examined them singly, candidly and thoroughly. In reviewing the list, with the question before me—does this teach the doctrine of the Trinity and the deity of Jesus Christ, I became convinced that one and another did not teach it, and crossed them. The first going over resulted in the crossing of a great portion of the list. The residue I reexamined at different times, crossing such as I found to fail of proving the doctrine. And thus I proceeded till I was constrained to cross the whole—till I deliberately arrived at the conclusion, that this hypothesis is not fairly sustained by a single passage in either Testament. While, on the other hand, I found the doctrine of the simple unity of God, and of the desired and subordinate existence of Jesus Christ, clearly affirmed in a multitude of passages, which I had also carefully collected and arranged. The more I examined these, the more explicit and definite they appeared. I was therefore constrained to give up my belief in the Trinitarian theory, and to embrace the Unitarian.

In respect to the argument from the Scriptural *titles* given to Christ, I found that the title, *Jehovah*, is never given to him—no, never ; that the title, *God*, is given him in a few instances, but in

a modified, or subordinate sense. The argument from the ascription of Divine *attributes* to him, I found to rest in mistake ; there is no ascription of either of these attributes to him in the *absolute* sense. The argument from the ascription of Divine *works* to him failed also ; because these works, though truly Divine, were performed, not in his own strength, but by the power of God given or communicated to him for the purpose. The argument from the ascription of *worship* to him was equally inconclusive, because it no where appears that *supreme* worship was ever claimed by him, or given to him ; the worship to which he is entitled is modified, or subordinate. And the argument from his *equality* with God, which is based on two passages, I found it necessary to reject, the one containing a false charge by the Jews, and the other a mistranslation. Thus the whole superstructure was undermined. And I became, about six years ago, a decided Antitrinitarian, and have so remained ever since, *without a doubt*. Blessed be God for the light which I have received.

J. C.

A SABBATH MORNING AT PASCAGOULA,

ON THE GULF OF MEXICO.

PASCAGOULA is the favorite watering-place of the Mobilians, and lies on a bay which is separated from the Gulf of Mexico by an island called Horn Island, sixteen miles long and only half a mile broad. In summer time a certain mysterious music is often heard there, which has been ascribed to various sources. Some suppose it to come from the drum-fish, others from a rock under the sea, others from a certain conformation of the shores, and some love to fancy it the murmur of an Indian ghost. I have never myself had the felicity of hearing it with my bodily ears, though I have listened under what seemed to me must be the most favorable circumstances. The evening on which I was rowed across the bay on my return was one of the most pure, balmy, heaven-breathing hours I ever spent with Nature, and as I looked up to the brilliant,

star-crowded sky, and down into a second, seemingly separated from it only by a thin transparent film, and we seemed in our little skiff to hang in the centre of one vast circumambient aërial sphere, I said to myself, 'Ah, I have caught the secret of the mysterious music—

'T is but the music of the spheres
Made audible to mortal ears.'

Sweet, sweet Pascagoula! so lovely and lone!
Fain would I, at parting, breathe back one faint tone
Of the witching, wild music that floats round thy shore,
And will float through my memory till memory's no more.
Fair hours! with what peace o'er my musings ye steal,
Too deep to confess, yet too dear to conceal!
O Nature! thy Sabbath—I spent it with thee,
In the still, solemn woods—by the silent, glad sea.
As sweet to my ear was the hymn of that morn
As if angels were singing Creation just born.
And angels *were* singing; thine angels, O Thou,
To whom winds and waves chant and the trembling leaves bow.
Though no human priest's accents arose on the air,
Yet the presence, O God! of thy spirit was there.
The pine with its ocean-like, spirit-like tone—
How plainly it told that I was not alone!
And was not that green, old, moss-garlanded tree
Arrayed in its robes as a priest unto Thee?
And did not a sweet choral melody rise
From woodland and waters, from shore and from skies?
And on the far marge of each sandy, green isle
Did not the calm spirit of gratitude smile?
And with her own lips did not Peace kiss the strand,
As the wave glided silently up o'er the sand?

* * * * *
Sweet scenes! Happy hours! I must bid you farewell!
Yet aye in my memory your spirits shall dwell.
And often at eve, when the moon of young May
Beams down on my own Northern waves far away;
And often at morn, when the breeze and the light
Draw the curtain away from the dreams of the night;
And often at noon, when the birds and the bees
Hum a drowsy, sweet tune in the grass and the trees,
In the dim, solemn woods—by the silent, glad sea,
Sweet, sweet Pascagoula, I'll still think of thee!

C. T. B.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE NOT AN EASY LIFE.

THE life of the Christian, the life of piety, purity, self-denial and benevolence, is not that easy, sunshiny and untroubled life it is sometimes represented to be ; a life in which there are no obstacles to be surmounted, no enemies to be resisted, no dangers to be avoided ; a life that glides smoothly and almost imperceptibly onward, and ends at last in a glorious rush of light that presages the rise of an eternal day. He who would attain to the summit of Christian excellence, and would fit himself for the duties and enjoyments of the spiritual world, has a work to perform which will task to the utmost every energy of his soul, and call for the exercise of untiring perseverance, unshaken fortitude and invincible courage. The difficulties that attend upon the Christian course are neither few nor small ; it is vain to overlook them, and useless to think of avoiding them.

The Scriptures uniformly represent the religious life, not as a life of ease and inaction, but as a struggle, a contest, a warfare, in which all our powers of resistance, all the might of virtuous principle and all the energy of an indomitable spirit, will be called into exercise. They declare that the path which leadeth to heaven is a narrow and thorny path, in which there are no couches of silk nor beds of roses for the weary traveller to repose on and lose in dreams the object of his exertions, a path whose steep and rugged ascent tries the strength of the strong and discourages the feeble and fainting spirit. The Christian's crown of glory, they tell us, is a crown of thorns, a crown that is to be won, if won at all, not by a few aimless, desultory exertions, much less by folding the arms in indolence and indifference, or by trusting wholly in the aid of God's spirit to gain for us the prize without any effort on our part ; but by long continued and strenuous endeavors, by making many costly sacrifices and enduring many hard privations, by surrendering all earthly pleasures and pursuits when they come into competition with higher objects and nobler occupations, by submitting willingly, if need be, to obloquy, insult and persecution, by taking up the cross of our Master and following him through evil report and through good report, through

perils innumerable, through the most severe and afflicting trials, through loss of property, loss of friends, and loss of all but God's favor, through the dark valley of the shadow of death, to the glorious world beyond, the endless peace and bliss of heaven. How full are the Scriptures of instruction and exhortation on this subject. With what earnestness do they command us to labor not for the perishing things of earth, but for the eternal realities of heaven, to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, to clothe ourselves in the whole armor of the Gospel, to watch and pray and press continually onward. They do not tell us that we can do nothing for the salvation of the soul; but that, with the Divine aid, we must *do every thing*. They tell us that there is a battle to be fought, a victory to be won, before the prize of eternal glory can be ours; that we must be tried, as gold is tried in the furnace; that we must count all things as worthless, "if so be we may win Christ and be found in him;" that we must be armed and thoroughly furnished for the great work of regenerating the character, and fight valiantly the battles of truth against all the powers of evil. They inform us of the nature of the work we are to do and the contest in which we are to engage. They point out to us the assistance we may hope for in God's all-powerful spirit, the promises, motives and warnings that are provided for us in his word, the honor and reward that will follow success, and the misery and suffering that attend upon defeat. They tell us of the bad habits that must be rooted out, and the good habits that must be established, of the temptations to be resisted and overcome, of the perils to be met and subdued, of the sacrifices to be made, and the pleasures to be given up, and the labors to be undergone, and the wrong steps to be retraced, and the follies to be lamented, and the sins to be repented of. In a word, they impart to us all the instruction we need in the accomplishment of the great work of life, they hold out to us all the motives which ought to influence us, as rational and immortal beings, faithfully and thoroughly to perform it, and they promise us all necessary assistance for our support and encouragement. Is it not clear from these declarations of Scripture, that the Christian life is not that easy life which some have imagined it to

be? Unless difficulties and obstacles encumbered it, the Scriptures would not have been full of such exhortations to work, to watch and to pray against temptation, such commands to contend long and earnestly against foes without and foes within, to fight the good fight of faith and conquer in the glorious contest. If there was no toil to undergo, why command men to work; if no trials to pass through, why exhort men to patience and resignation; if no afflictions to be endured, why offer consolation; if no enemies to be conquered, why point out the means of defence and victory? It cannot be an easy thing to live up faithfully to our Christian profession, if we believe the declarations of the Scriptures.

The nature and essential characteristics of the Christian's life show that it cannot be an easy life. For what is this life? What is it to be a Christian? What are the duties, the sacrifices, the labors which a profession of faith in Jesus implies? It implies, first, sincere penitence for all our sins, with a renunciation of them and a determination to live henceforth according to that divine law which hath been graciously given for our guidance. And this is no easy thing. It is not an easy thing, to feel that deep sorrow for our transgressions which shall lead to reformation. It is not an easy thing, to tear off that veil which hides from our gaze our true characters and behold our abuses of God's favors, our ingratitude and sinfulness, in their proper light. It is not an easy thing, to feel remorse for a crime which perhaps has increased the amount of our treasures, gained for us the applause of the world, or satisfied some importunate passion or some craving appetite. Or, even if that remorse is awakened in our breast, it is difficult so to restrain and conduct it that it may work out for us reformation of character. Indeed when we consider all that is involved in the idea of Christian repentance—how it implies the most deep and unfeigned regret for our repeated transgressions, how it enjoins upon us restitution when it is in our power, how it commands the renunciation of our besetting and most deeply cherished propensities, and will not suffer one evil habit or passion to nestle in our breast—we cannot admit that the life whose very first step is penitence and reformation can be an easy life, unaccompanied with pain, unencumbered by sorrow.

The Christian life cannot be an easy life, because it is a life of prayer and communion with God, and no one needs to be told how difficult it is amid pressing cares and worldly engagements, with pleasure, ambition and gain all taking up our thoughts and occupying our hearts, to hold that sweet and heavenly converse with our Creator which the relations he sustains towards us require. No one needs to be told, that the spirit immersed in earthly pursuits does not willingly soar on the angel wings of contemplation to the Source of light and happiness; or if by chance in some moment of inspiration it mounts up like the lark to its native seat, it is soon brought back again by the ties that bind it to earth. All who have ever prayed must have experienced this difficulty, and have mourned over it as one of the sorest trials.

The Christian life is a life of temptation, and therefore it is not an easy life. Every thing in the world about us, every thing in our own souls, every blessing God has given us, every affliction he lays upon us, every appetite and passion he has implanted in our nature, every circumstance in our condition, is a trial to our virtue. We cannot take a step in the world without being exposed to temptations. We meet them amid the busy haunts of men, and in the quiet retreats of our leisure hours, in our families, and in private, in joy, and in sorrow, in sickness, and in health, in prosperity, and in adversity. They come upon us when we least expect their approach, and battle against our virtuous principle when we are indulging fond dreams of security. They are sleepless, crafty and powerful enemies. They steal upon us, as the gentle wind steals through the green foliage, hardly moving a leaf or uttering a sigh. And not before they have triumphed over our virtue and bound us in chains of iron, are they revealed to us in all their fearful proportions. Surely while beset with such adversaries it cannot be easy to preserve the purity of our souls untarnished and their liberty unimpaired.

The life of the Christian is also a life of improvement, therefore it is not easy; for what is more difficult than to subdue our natural propensity to indolence and press on heedless of toil, in the rugged path of Christian virtue and holiness? What is more difficult, after we have made some progress in the acquisition of the grand object of existence, than to avoid indulging the dangerous but

fascinating dream, that we are now safe and need advance no farther? What is more difficult, than to press on daily and hourly in a way whose termination is constantly receding from us as we advance? What more difficult, than to gain not merely one virtue, but all virtues, and manifest every moment more and more of their power over our character and our conduct? And yet all this the Christian is bound to do, if he would be faithful to his privileges and immortal hopes; and therefore he has before him a most arduous, though a most glorious work.

The Christian's life is moreover a life of benevolence—unwearied benevolence in the cause of suffering and sinful man. But what exertions and sacrifices are required of those who seek to benefit their race. How much have they to contend with from the malice of enemies, the coldness of friends, the blighting of fair prospects of usefulness, and the ingratitude and contempt with which their self-denying labors are often visited. How difficult it is, to learn the art of doing good. How hard, to wait with patience for the results of our exertions, and at last perhaps behold all our expectations disappointed by some untimely and unforeseen accident. Yet this is the Christian's duty, and oftentimes the Christian's lot.

Humility is another essential quality of a religious life, and this is opposed to all those proud, presumptuous feelings that grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength, until they become part and parcel of our very nature and cannot be separated from it without the most vigorous exertions nor without deeply wounding many of our dearest feelings. But they must be separated from it, if we would be Christians. We must cast all our pride off at the foot of the cross, if we would bear that cross and imitate the example of him who suffered upon it. This is not the work of an hour or a day, but of a whole life.

Finally, the Christian's life is a life of self-denial, and this virtue implies a perfect command over all the appetites and passions of our constitution, a noble disdain of any thing which threatens the security of our virtuous principle, an unflinching adherence to duty when duty brings no reward but the reward of a peaceful conscience, and a steadfast pursuit of the one great design of existence, whatever other objects or pleasures or pursuits may present themselves and seek to draw off the eyes and the thoughts from that

goal of all our exertions. He who possesses and practises this virtue will say that it cannot be acquired without unceasing effort, without indefatigable self-control, without the concentration of every principle of his moral nature; for he knows how much its acquisition has cost him. And so is it with every other virtue of the Christian character,—it is gained only by toil and sacrifice and privation. It is the fruit of prayer, meditation, vigilance and self-discipline.

Is it not then a mistake, to look upon the life of the Christian as an easy life; and is it wise or safe so to regard it? Ought we to shut our eyes to the difficulties and dangers that attend upon the steps of virtue? Ought we to indulge the vain hope of entering heaven by any other path than that which the Saviour hath trod? Ought we not to look about us and see where we are and whether we are tending, and having determined with ourselves that we will be true to ourselves, true to our hopes and true to our God, press forward with undimmed eye and undaunted heart towards the glorious prize of our high calling, the prize of eternal happiness and eternal usefulness? I wonder that such an error as the one I have been contending against should ever have become prevalent in the world. I wonder that men do not see and feel that the Christian character cannot be an easy acquisition in the midst of so many obstacles and hindrances which encumber the advance of the soul towards its true destiny. For what on earth is easy to be gained? Is it wealth, or knowledge, or fame? These require the most untiring toil. And shall Christian goodness, that noblest of acquisitions, that most enduring of possessions, be gained at a less expense than the vanishing riches and pleasures of the world? God forbid that one thorn should be taken out of the crown of virtue, one obstacle from its path. For the crown would be worth nothing, unless it was the reward of labor and sacrifice; the path would not try our strength, if it were smooth as the verdant lawn and level as the ocean. Let the Christian believer do the work given him to do with all his might, for it is a noble work and demands his whole power. Let him fight the battles of virtue valiantly, for the Lord is on his side. Let him *strive* to enter, and he shall enter into the Christian kingdom on earth, and the heavenly kingdom above.

W. A.

NOTICES OF THE LATE REV. DR. GREENWOOD.

WE are called by the Divine Providence to record the death of another minister of our religion, a steadfast advocate and exemplary disciple of our faith. He had long seemed to be on the point of leaving us for another world, but we had become so accustomed to his frail appearance that the intelligence of his death startled us as if he had been taken from the midst of strenuous employment. Instantly however we remembered that for years both he and we had been expecting the event that now came to him so gently, and we felt that for him "to die was gain," even beyond the experience of most of those who "have died in the Lord." The sermon which was preached to his bereaved congregation on the Sunday after his death, by Rev. Dr. Frothingham, has since been published. We have been permitted to take some extracts from discourses delivered in other churches on the same day. They may be properly introduced by a few dates.

Francis William Pitt Greenwood was born in Boston, February 5, 1797. He entered Harvard College at an early age, and was graduated in 1814. His studies for the ministry he pursued at Cambridge, and soon after he began to preach was invited to become the pastor of the New South Church in Boston, as successor to Rev. S. C. Thacher. He was ordained over this charge October 21, 1818. The constitutional delicacy of his frame soon manifested itself under the labors of this situation in such a decided form, that he was obliged to suspend his work in less than a year from its commencement, and by advice of his physician visited England, where he spent two winters, chiefly in the mild climate of Devonshire. Failing however to regain any firmness of constitution, he felt it to be his duty to resign his ministry, by a letter dated at Caermarthen, in South Wales, April 21, 1821; in which, alluding to a former communication, he remarks,—“How happy I should have been if these fears had proved false, and my anticipations been contradicted, I need not tell you; but it has been ordained otherwise. I am still an invalid, and the disorder under which I labor, if not incurable, is at best so firmly seated that I cannot flatter myself with the idea of ever again being able to exercise

the duties of the ministry.* Yet it was kindly appointed that, though always after this, we may say, an invalid, he should have strength sufficient for a most useful ministry with another congregation. After his return to this country he resided some time in Baltimore, where he edited the *Unitarian Miscellany*, and preached as regularly as his health would permit to the congregation of which Mr. Sparks had lately relinquished the charge. Contrary to his fears that he "must give up a profession in which his heart was engaged," he so far recovered his strength that in the summer of 1824 he accepted an invitation to share the ministry of King's Chapel in this city, in connexion with Rev. Dr. Freeman, whose advancing years and infirmities made him desirous of the assistance of a colleague. For some time before Dr. Freeman's death the whole care of the pulpit fell on Mr. Greenwood, and after his death he continued sole Minister, though often, especially during the last two or three years, interrupted in the discharge of his professional duties by severe attacks of hemorrhage from the lungs, and for more than a year before his death unable to enter the pulpit. The winter of 1836-37 he passed in Cuba, and was probably benefitted by its softer air. His illness during its long continuance was attended by more of prostration than of suffering, and for months he seemed to stand on the very brink of the grave. He continued to ride out almost daily, and in June last went out of town, to reside in Dorchester through the heat of the summer. During the winter and spring he saw his friends and conversed with them cheerfully, manifesting the same character in confinement which he had

* A passage in this letter describes so truly the principles which guided his pulpit exercises in subsequent years as well as in his earlier ministry, that we may be excused for quoting it. After speaking of the brief period of his connexion with his people, he adds:—

"In my public instructions I have endeavored to avoid the unprofitable discussion of contending systems and jarring creeds, and have chiefly confined myself to the great duties of piety and morality as the substance and sum of true religion and true Christianity. Love to God and love to man I have invariably considered as comprising the whole of our duty, and I have never consciously separated holiness from virtue, faith from practice, or the actions of this life from the awards of another. What I have said, I have said sincerely; and as I have not thought it necessary or proper to advance opinions which might be both offensive and unimportant, so neither have I at any time used a form of words which might give a contrary impression to what I conceived to be the truth of God."¹⁷

exhibited in seasons of activity—serene, kindly affectioned, and full of pious trust. On the day before his death he appeared as well as on previous days, and retired to bed as usual. In the early morning he was awoken by a fresh access of hemorrhage. He asked for the usual remedies, but before they could be procured—probably in five minutes from the time of his waking—he expired. The funeral service, performed at King's Chapel, was, according to his request, confined to the prescribed forms of the Church.

Dr. Greenwood published several single discourses, and besides the volumes of the *Unitarian Miscellany* which he edited, was associate editor of the *Christian Examiner*, with Rev. Dr. Walker, from 1829 to 1835, and contributed many articles to that work. He also published a small volume entitled *Lives of the Apostles*, which has passed to a third edition, another small volume of *Sermons for children*, and a volume of *Sermons on Consolation*, which he selected from his manuscripts during the last winter, and correcting the proof-sheets of which was his last literary labour. He likewise compiled the *Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Christian Worship*, which has come into such general use in our churches, and prepared an edition of the *Liturgy* in use at King's Chapel, as well as a smaller collection of a similar kind for the worship of the Warren Street Chapel. He printed also a series of discourses containing a *History of King's Chapel*. He was particularly fond of Natural History, and was one of the earliest members and efficient friends of the Boston Society of Natural History. Indeed, though prevented by his feeble health, as well as disinclined by his natural tastes, from obtrusive manifestations of interest in objects of public advantage, his influence in this community was deep and extensive. He received the degree of D. D. from the University at which he was graduated, in 1839.

The first of the extracts which we are enabled to give is from a discourse preached in the New North Church in this city by the senior Pastor. The text was in the words of the Apostle: "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day; * * * while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." The preacher had described the conditions to which the Apostle alluded, opposite in character yet contemporaneous in the experience of the Christian, and then proceeded as follows.

It was amidst these decays, and it was also under the sustaining power of these consolations and hopes, that an honored servant of Christ Jesus, a lover of truth and goodness who exemplified in his life their power, has been called to his rest. His departure from among us, deeply as it must be lamented for the many who are thus bereaved, we may not fail, in any just view we can take of this Providence, to regard as peculiarly happy for him; bringing, as it did, a most peaceful close to a long day of infirmity, which might have been succeeded by a yet longer night of pain and sorrow, and opening to him a world in which there is no pain nor night nor death.

It pleased the God in whose hand our breath is to appoint to our departed friend the trial of protracted infirmity; but his lot was cast also amidst circumstances by which that trial was most graciously alleviated. So long has he been withdrawn from other scenes of labor than his own, that probably to some whom I address, especially to those among the younger members of this community, his person might be unknown. But there are multitudes even beyond the circle of his immediate charge, who remember with satisfaction and delight, and not a few with the gratitude awakened by the reception of a personal benefit, his labors among us. They remember with what simplicity, earnestness, and power he inculcated the truths he believed, and how he adorned them by his pure and upright and useful life. To others, who could not reap the fruit of his lips, he has spoken and will long continue to speak in the excellent works he has left behind him; exhibiting not more his exquisite taste and the stores of his richly furnished mind, than the depths of his religious sensibility, his firm conviction of the truths he uttered, and his calm but earnest zeal to advance the things pertaining to the kingdom of God.

Though the incidents of his life were few, they were, through the trials of his lot, more diversified than that of the generality of his profession. His entrance upon the ministry was with no ordinary indications of the public acceptance and pledges of a wide usefulness. He was called in 1818 by the voice of a united people to become the Pastor of the Church where Kirkland and Thacher had labored before him, and entering into their labors he enjoyed largely the confidence and respect, which their eminent

gifts and virtues inspired. But indications of infirmity compelled him amidst many regrets to relinquish that charge, after a visit to Europe, where he contracted many valuable friendships, which were mutually cherished even to his death. For the benefit of a more genial climate he became a resident of the city of Baltimore, and there gave to the public the fruit of such labors as his diminished strength enabled him to perform in a valuable religious periodical, specially intended to meet the wants of those times, but well adapted to all times, and to which his friends still love to refer as among the many evidences he has given of his devotion to the best of causes and of his ability to advance it. Returning to his native city with invigorated strength and brightening prospects, he became, in 1824, the colleague Pastor with Rev. Dr. Freeman of King's Chapel. With that candid and learned divine he labored jointly and harmoniously for many years, sustaining, as the infirmities of the elder advanced, the chief burden of the ministry, till the death of that venerable man left him to the undivided charge. Though from his own delicate health he was not able to bear to any large extent the various burdens of the pastoral office, and his labors were to some degree confined to his own pulpit, yet through the influence of the excellent gifts with which he was endued, by the weight and gravity of his instructions, by the tenderness and beauty of his consolations when called forth by the bereavements of his flock, and by his pure and exemplary life, did he impress himself strongly upon their affections. His indeed were the qualities, both of intellect and character, adapted beyond most others to command the confidence of mankind; and had strength been permitted him to unite the more active services of his calling with his peculiar gifts as a preacher, I hardly know the individual within the walks of his profession, that might have exerted a more healthful or lasting influence.

God had given him the eye to see and the heart to feel the beauty and grandeur of his work; and the tongue of the eloquent to declare the truths of his word. With what exquisite taste and accurate knowledge he has described the former, with what eloquence and power he enforced the latter, there are not wanting multitudes to declare. How solicitous he was that, alike in his teachings and in the hearts of his people, the Gospel of Christ

Jesus should be received in its simplicity, separate from the admixtures of man's philosophy, none who knew him could fail to perceive. He loved the truth as it is in Jesus. He could hardly endure the thought, that it should be defiled by the inventions of man. He felt deeply the solemnity and weight of spiritual truth; and though from temperament and from principle averse to the obtrusion of religious feelings upon others, he had his conversation in heaven. Of this he gave continual evidence in the composure and tranquillity of his frame, in the calmness of his resignation, and his unshaken trust.

It was his signal felicity, that the scenes of his labors, both of his earlier and his later ministry, should be in the city of his nativity, among those who could appreciate his gifts, and were not less able than willing to meet the exigencies of his lot. Now that his cherished flock are deprived of the benefit of his labors, they will recal with affectionate reverence his image; and they cannot fail to remember with satisfaction the offices of Christian love and of liberal kindness, by which the trials of his sickness were comforted and sustained. Not only they, but this whole religious community may rejoice in the good fruits that we have been permitted to gather from his labors. We may bless God, that he was strengthened, though amidst much infirmity to do so much for the interests that were precious to his heart. We may be grateful for the pure example he has bequeathed; for the light of his instructions; and his effectual prayers. We will remember them who have spoken to us the word of the Lord, and seek to add ourselves to the goodly company of them, who having been wise have turned many to righteousness, and adorned in their lives the doctrine of God, our Savior.

Our next extract is from a sermon preached to the congregation worshipping on Church Green (the New South,) over which Dr. Greenwood was first settled, by their present pastor.

There are many here, who feel that during the past week they have sustained a heavy bereavement, in the removal of one who was formerly their pastor, and always their friend, and whose

death, though long anticipated, comes upon them at last unexpectedly, and finds them unprepared to meet it. On some of you he poured the waters of baptism in your infancy, and others he welcomed to this holy table of Christian communion. And who is there among you, that has ever seen in this pulpit that calm and placid countenance, and listened to his solemn and impressive tones, who does not sincerely mourn that he is to see that face and hear that voice no more on this side the grave? 'I am distressed for thee, my brother: very pleasant hast thou been unto me.'

It is not however my purpose, as it is not my province, to pronounce the eulogy of this, my honored and esteemed predecessor. That office belongs to another place,—to his own church, and I doubt not will be well and worthily performed by him who this day occupies his pulpit. Still I trust that I may be allowed, in a few words, to express my sense of his excellence as a man and a minister, and to glance at some of the more prominent traits in his character.

Dr. Greenwood was distinguished, above all things else, for his sedateness and sobriety of mind, for his calm, quiet, chastened views of life and its responsibilities and duties. He was not so remarkable, I think, for the originality and brilliancy of his thoughts, as for the justness and correctness of his views. He was possessed of sound sense and a discriminating judgment—was not led away by impulse, but looked steadily at things, and saw always their true relations and bearings. He was of an even and tranquil temperament, and had but little enthusiasm or romance in his constitution.

He was a man of great gentleness and kindness, and at the same time of great decision and firmness. He had thought for himself on all the controverted topics of theology, and on all the moral and practical questions which of late years have agitated and divided the community. He had made up his mind on these points, and was firm and unwavering in his convictions. He never obtruded his opinions on any one; but when consulted on any of these vexed questions, he expressed himself plainly and frankly. You could not mistake what he thought or how he felt on these subjects. Thus he had no respect for the crude and vague speculations in philosophy and theology which of late years have been broached among us, to the serious injury of religion, especially

among the young. On this point he was a thorough conservative. He loved the old paths and delighted to walk therein. He had the greatest reverence for the Scriptures, and for the person and character of Jesus Christ. He prized Christianity as a revelation from Heaven, and he could not sit still and hear its authority impugned. He did not stand on neutral ground, but at the outset was ready to exert his influence and declare his utter repugnance to the rash and irreverent speculations of the day. For the independent stand which he thus took and maintained, I honored him whilst living, and reverence his memory now that he is no more.

I should not say that Dr. Greenwood was distinguished for his reasoning powers. He did not excel in argument, and had no claim to the title of a logician. Sentiment was his province. He mused rather than reasoned. His writings, consequently, are remarkable rather for their grace and beauty, than for their profundity or strength. In the department to which they belong, they are exquisite models, finished specimens of composition. Every part is worked up to the highest perfection of which it is susceptible; and what is very remarkable, this high finish and delicate polish detract nothing from their glow and fervor.

Dr. Greenwood's professional life was, comparatively, a brief one; and through the whole of it his health was feeble and uncertain. He was constantly obliged to husband his strength, and to restrain rather than stimulate the exercise of his beautiful powers. When we consider his long physical debility, when we remember that through his whole professional life he was an invalid, it seems to me that we are doing but bare justice to him to say that he has accomplished much—more, far more than could have been reasonably expected or required. His last volume, published within the past year, entitled "Sermons of Consolation," is one of the most delightful and beautiful collections of discourses in the language, and is entitled to a place by the side of those of Buckminster and Thacher.

Dr. Greenwood was a man of refined taste and exquisite sensibility, and with a soul keenly alive to all the influences of nature and all the beauties of art. He loved nature in all its forms and in all its productions, and had not only a cultivated taste in many of the arts, but in some degree was an artist himself.

He loved the Church, with all its rites and emblems, and revered all the hallowed associations that cluster around Christian antiquity. His favorite emblem was the Cross. He clung to it as the anchor of his soul, and wished to see it more frequently employed as a symbol and memento. Who that of late years has crossed his threshold, and ascended the stair-case to visit him in his sick room, can forget the salutation that greeted him on the way from that cross encircled with rays of light:—"VIA CRUCIS VIA LUCIS." "*The path of the Cross is a pathway of Light.*" And it was a touching and beautiful manifestation of his Christian faith and feeling, that when worn down by disease, and disabled by bodily infirmity from any close mental occupation, when his hand was too unsteady to guide the pen, and his mind too weak for any continued train of thought, he found a grateful employment of his skill and a delightful exercise of his devout sensibilities in carving those little crosses of cedar and olive-wood, which his friends, to whom they were presented as parting tokens of remembrance, will ever prize as dear memorials of his faith and affection.

The death of such a minister is a serious loss to the Church—not to his own parish solely, but to our whole Christian community. His influence among us has always been most benign and salutary. At this time, especially, we can ill spare such a man. We need his sobriety to temper the enthusiasm of the times, and his calm and sedate wisdom to rebuke the extravagances of the pulpit. God grant that his spirit may remain with us—that though dead, he may still continue to exhort and admonish us in his beautiful character, his unblemished life, and his valuable writings. And in the place of the many Christian teachers who have recently been taken from us, may God raise up those who shall be able and worthy to occupy their places, men of learning, piety, humility and meekness, who shall manifest their wisdom not by despising the past, but by honoring the labors and reverencing the memories of the great and the good who have gone before them.

The following were the concluding paragraphs of a discourse preached in the Federal Street meeting house by the pastor of the church, from the text:—"God was in all his thoughts."

The traits which we have now described as the fruits of an habitual attention to the presence, character and government of God, were strikingly exemplified in him whose death has thrown one of our sister churches into mourning. It is long since he spoke in this pulpit, for it is long since he had strength equal to the discharge of his professional duties among his own people. But he was personally known to many of us who loved him much, and his former labors in the ministry had written their effects upon many hearts besides those to whom he stood in the relation of pastor. As I think of him now, and recall the impressions which he made upon me as I saw him in life, simplicity of character and serenity of spirit seem to me to have been the peculiar features of his excellence. To a singular purity and delicacy of mind he united an independence and which had the firmness without the boldness of the most lofty superiority. Yet we witnessed in him a gentleness of manner which conciliated universal esteem. His slender health, even from the commencement of his professional life, had refused to him the privilege of deep scholarship; but this want was amply compensated by the soundness and accuracy of his mental exercises. His mind was formed on the model of an elegant, but not fastidious refinement, and all his tastes and habits indicated the prevalent tone of feeling. As a theologian, he belonged to the school of free but modest spirits, who, while they reject the thralldom of human creeds, glory in Christ as their Teacher and cleave to his Gospel as the charter of salvation; but with a staunch fidelity to his own convictions he united a generous judgment of others, and was as free from bigotry or dogmatism as from latitudinarian speculation. As a preacher, he was singularly persuasive, winning attention by his calm but earnest tones, and imprinting the lessons of truth upon his hearers' minds by the justice and clearness of conception and the transparent beauty of style which marked his discourses. As a man, he was distinguished, I repeat, by nothing more than by his simplicity of character—in him manifestly the expression of many virtues harmonized in this beautiful result, and the consequence, must we not believe, of that habitual piety which reigned in his soul. I have never known one who surpassed him in this respect. He was wholly natural. There was not a tone, movement nor look about him that was arti-

ficial. He did nothing, and said nothing, for the sake of applause or an effect that should react to his own advantage. Truthfulness was not the law only, it was the mode and charm, of his life. His affections had all the simplicity which belonged to his conduct. They were free and genuine. His heart was right, and that made him a true man and a true Christian.

As might have been expected from such a character, he was remarkable for his serenity of spirit. He was neither impatient nor sanguine. He indulged no despondency, and yet it could hardly be said that he cherished an ardent hopefulness. He trusted God, and was willing the Divine Providence should determine "the times and the seasons." His influence therefore upon his friends and upon his brethren in the ministry, upon society and upon that portion of the Christian Church to which he particularly belonged, was most salutary. To spend an hour with him calmed and refreshed the mind heated by sympathies with the excitement and vacillation of the times, as if we had gone into some quiet scene of nature and been drawn into concord with its temper. This serenity of spirit was especially shown during his long illness. For months—might I not say, for years—he stood on the brink of the grave; and he knew his position. He was aware that the slightest change might separate him from the duties and pleasures of earth. Yet he was tranquil and cheerful, neither covetous of life, nor impatient for departure from so frail a tenement, nor fretted into an irritable sensibility by the slow conquest of disease. His last employment was in unison with his character. It had almost the simplicity of childhood, yet was beautifully and touchingly expressive of the feelings which mingled their action in his heart. He made little crosses for his friends—symbols of his faith in Jesus, and his love for those whom he was soon to leave. And when he could no longer carve these tokens of remembrance, he quietly waited for his last hour, gathering the mantle of his patience around his soul, and committing himself to the Father who had been the centre of his thoughts through years of active service, and of lingering decay. That Father granted him a peaceful removal. The lamp burned to the last drop of oil, the light faded away till it reached its faintest illumination, and then the curtain of darkness was drawn by an invisible but a merciful Hand.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

UNITARIANISM THE DOCTRINE OF THE BIBLE. *A Review of a Pamphlet by the Rev. W. J. Bakewell, entitled "Unitarianism Untenable."* By a Unitarian Layman. Pittsburgh. 1843. pp. 48. 8vo.

WE have not seen the pamphlet to which this is a reply, but from the specimens given in the Review we should judge that it must be a feeble and ill-digested production. Mr. Bakewell we had the pleasure of seeing on his visit to Boston the summer after his arrival in this country, when he contemplated establishing a school for young ladies in this city. If he had carried this purpose into effect, and had succeeded—as we doubt not he would have done—his pamphlet probably would never have seen the light and his religious opinions have undergone no change; for we learn that his confidence in Unitarianism was shaken by the want of visible effect under his own eyes. Had he seen it as a prosperous faith, he would not have been led to question its Scriptural origin. Mr. Bakewell was formerly a Unitarian minister in England. A few years ago he came to this country with his family, and attracted to Pittsburgh by its being the residence of some relatives, he took charge of the Unitarian society in that place, which had never flourished, and was then in a low condition. It did not revive under his ministry, and “in October last he resigned his pastoral charge, and went to worship at the Episcopal church.” Here his conversion proceeded rapidly. What he first found objectionable, he soon learns cordially to adopt; and with a mind pre-disposed for a change, he re-examines the Scriptures for the faith as it is in Jesus, becomes a Trinitarian, is *re-baptized*, and writes a pamphlet in vindication of his new faith and in praise of the Church to which he has united himself.

The Review undertakes to show that “the proofs and reasons alleged by Mr. Bakewell are totally insufficient to justify the results at which he has arrived,” and it is completely successful. Consider

ered as a controversial pamphlet, we have seldom read one more worthy of commendation. It is mild and dignified in its tone, yet conclusive in its exposure of the partial statement and false reasoning to which it is a reply. As a doctrinal tract, it is a valuable addition to those already known among us—not for any novelty of exposition or illustration, but for the clearness and conciseness of its examination of texts, and for the general impression which it must make upon the unbiassed reader in regard to the anti-biblical character of the doctrine of the Trinity. As we read, we marked several passages in which the form of expression seemed to us particularly happy, but we find that they have multiplied beyond any space that we can give to extracts. We can only notice the order of the writer's remarks. As a layman, he disclaims an acquaintance with sacred criticism, but he shows a familiar acquaintance with the best results to which criticism has attained.

The Review, in the first place, examines the grounds which Mr. Bakewell offers for his renunciation of Unitarianism, independently of Scripture. These are, that it is a declining faith, and that it is neither so acceptable to mankind nor does it awaken such zeal for its diffusion as opposite views of the Gospel. So far as these statements have *any* foundation in fact, it is explained, and their substantial inaccuracy is exposed. The Reviewer then follows Mr. Bakewell through his examination of Scripture, as far as it is possible for him to substitute order in the place of a "total want of method or arrangement." Confining himself mainly to a defence of Unitarianism in the strictest sense of the word, he remarks generally of "the evidence adduced in support of the doctrine of the atonement," that it is altogether insufficient and unsatisfactory, and observes that the doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement, "so far from being necessarily connected, are actually incompatible with each other."* The texts on which Mr. Bake-

* We copy a few lines, as an example of the ability which marks the Review. The Orthodox doctrine teaches, that the Divine justice must have been satisfied before the sinner could be forgiven ;

"And that as man was incapable of making this satisfaction himself, Christ, the second person of the Trinity, has as man's substitute suffered the deserved punishment, and has thus made a sufficient atonement to the offended justice of the Father. According to this scheme, however, the justice of the Father only has been satisfied. But if the Son and Holy

well places most reliance, and which are usually cited by Trinitarian writers, whether from the Old or the New Testament, are passed under review, and their true meaning, as well as their irrelevancy as Trinitarian proofs, is exhibited. Examples of the plain and positive language of Scripture in favor of the sole deity of the Father are next presented, by way of contrast to the illogical inferences on which the Trinitarian is obliged to build his faith. The objections to the doctrine of two natures in Christ are briefly but forcibly stated, and an "epitome of the character and history of Jesus Christ" is justified by quotations from the New Testament. This is the only portion of the pamphlet which seems to us to need alteration, or rather perhaps we should say, to require addition. It seems to have been prepared too much with a view to the single question on which the writer's mind was at the time engaged, and fails to present some points in our Lord's ministry which are important to the integrity of faith. The argument is then pursued, by "inquiring how Christ was viewed" by those who attended upon his ministry, whether they were the multitude, or were his friends or his disciples, and "how the Jews and others understood the preaching of the Apostles" subsequently; and it is shown, that "the proper deity of Christ" was a doctrine foreign from all the conceptions of the first age of our religion. In two or three of the closing pages, the growth of the doctrine of the Trinity is traced with sufficient distinctness to prove its human origin and development.

A useful tract might be prepared from this pamphlet, by the omission of all which relates to the ephemeral production that called it forth. A wider circulation than it will probably obtain in its present form might convince many, that the Trinitarianism of the Church is "untenable" by any one who gives to the language of Scripture its just interpretation.

Ghost are also each of them God equal with the Father, it follows that sin must be as offensive to them as it is to him. But no satisfaction has been made to their offended justice; and we cannot see but that, according to their scheme, the sinner's condition must remain hopeless, until two more atonements shall have been made for him."

This reasoning would apply with equal force, if the occasion for a vicarious atonement was represented to be, instead of the satisfaction of the Divine justice, the display of the Divine displeasure.

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MR. SEARS makes a very ingenious and profitable use of his text, which he takes from the passage in the life of Moses, recorded in Exodus xxxiii. 18—23: where Jehovah is represented as withholding from his servant the vision of his "face, which no man can see and live," but granting him to "see his train." This language he regards as "evidently symbolical," and as "bringing to view a law of the Divine Providence of the highest importance. It is this; that all the events of human probation, while in the future they look dark, threatening and doubtful, appear brightly in the past;" or to adopt the commentary upon the passage which Mr. Sears borrows from the words of the Saviour, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." This law he "applies to the various events of human probation" that he may establish in the minds of his hearers a devout faith in Providence, and lead them to observe, how "the longer they live, every thing in the past seems to have been ordered by a beneficent hand," though it is kindly forbidden us to foreknow, or to see "distinctly the *present* operation of God's providence." His illustrations of this truth are drawn, first from "our outward and worldly affairs;" secondly, from "the afflictions and sorrows of life;" and thirdly, from "the event of death." He then describes the character of the individual whose death had suggested the theme of his discourse,—a man, who "neither craving excitement and novelty, nor ambitious for any other distinction than that of virtue, usefulness and mild benevolence, aimed only at the conscientious discharge of his duties in the sphere where Providence had placed him, and in the society to which he belonged,"—a constant worshipper at the house of God, and holding in the church an "office which seems to have descended to him almost as an inheritance through a succession of four or five generations." The discourse closes with words of comfort to the mourners, and exhortation to the people, and shows a mind full of Christian thought and sentiment.

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To this discourse is prefixed this brief note:—"Died, at the Island of Curacoa, on the 19th February, 1843, Mr. Henry Leeds, of Brooklyn, L. I. æt. 41, of the mercantile house of Nesmith, Leeds and Co., New York. His remains were brought home, and on the 11th May following were interred at the Greenwood Cemetery." On the following Sunday Mr. Farley made these events the occasion of an instructive discourse founded upon the passage in Philippians i. 21: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." In these words he finds a description of "the true spirit and character of the real disciple of Christ;" after enlarging upon which he proceeds to notice the character of his departed friend, who added another to the innumerable examples which refute the miserable, but still repeated calumny, that Unitarianism cannot give support in the hour of death. "When all hope of recovery had fled—when he was obviously to himself, as well as to others, sinking irremediably under the sure triumph of the disease—when indeed the hand and power of death was upon him, he was throughout all meekness, patience, and submission, his trust in God's mercy in Christ was full to the last, and with the same unostentatious piety which had been his in other days, he prepared for the last conflict, and yielded his spirit in perfect peace to his Maker." "His message to me," adds Mr. Farley, "was 'Tell him I die in the full and firm faith of a blessed immortality; that I die a Christian, and am very happy.'" One circumstance belonging to his illness claimed special mention, as a proof of Christian liberality that is seldom witnessed. We are glad to extend the knowledge of such an example.

"In a foreign land, and away from the privileges of his own religious Communion, there was one, even of another Church, who rising above all sectarian differences, could find it, as he himself more than once acknowledged, a great theme of gratitude to God that he was called to the dying bed of our departed brother. When he expressed a desire to receive the Lord's Supper before he should depart, that good man, a minister of the German Lutheran

Church, and to whom our friend with characteristic honesty at the time of making the request avowed his Unitarian faith and his connexion with a Unitarian church, at once assented. "I am no sectarian," said he, "God does not look to our professions; He sees our hearts; and if they are at peace with God and the world, and are sincere,—if you truly love God and his Son, that is all I ask." Never had he seen, he afterwards repeatedly said, better evidence of a Christianized soul—never had he felt more humbled in the presence of Christian goodness."

POEMS. *By William Ellery Channing.* Boston: Little and Brown. 1843. pp. 152, 12mo.

These Poems are the productions of a nephew of the late Dr. Channing. Some parts of the volume please us, but generally they are not of a character to satisfy our conceptions of true poetry. A better judge than we however bestows on them no ordinary praise. In a notice of them taken by the *Dial* the writer says, that Mr. Channing's "genius in some of the finest and rarest traits of the poet is without a rival in this country," and mentions among the merits of this volume "the refinement and the sincerity of his mind," with "the originality and delicacy of the diction." This, we confess, seems to us extravagant admiration.

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These poems do not fill our idea either of the author as a writer, or of the subject as a theme for the poet. Mr. Pierpont has been long known and admired as a poet; but, though always bold and pointed, often caustic, and sometimes wholly just and beautiful, his muse certainly flags in this province. We can account for it only by the fact, that he shows too much of the "anti" here, turning aside from the great theme of Liberty, to notice opponents, and indulge in personal and local allusion.

INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—As we have this month neither Ordination nor Dedication to record, and no domestic intelligence that need fill our columns, we shall give our space under this head to articles of foreign origin. In religious matters, as in affairs of worldly business, the summer is a season of less activity than the winter. Our congregations in the city are very thin, nearly one half of our people, as it seems to us, being out of Boston.—We grieve to mention the increased illness of Rev. Dr. Ware, jr.—Rev. Dr. Dewey has returned from Europe, and will resume his ministerial duties in September.—Rev. Mr. Muzzey at the date of his last letters was in Rome, and had as yet derived only partial benefit from his foreign tour.—The Commencement exercises at Cambridge, on the 23d of August, are said to have been unusually good. The Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, by George S. Hillard, Esq., on the relation of the Poet to his age, was one of singular richness of thought and beauty of language, and was delivered with a freedom and grace of manner altogether remarkable among us. —Circumstances of recent occurrence have drawn attention to the divided state of the Episcopal Church in this country, as well as in England. Puseyism—whatever it be—has found disciples and apologists among the clergy of that Communion in the United States. Bishop Doane of New Jersey says “Puseyism” is “No Popery.” At present it is only, we presume, a retrograde Protestantism. What it will be, if the movement should continue in its present direction, it is easy to conjecture, though perhaps not safe to predict. To us the great evil of this movement lies in its starting principle—the assumption of mystery as the key of revelation; a contradiction in terms, yet a doctrine which underlies a vast amount alike of Catholic and Protestant errors. As a compensation for the evil which may arise, this great good must grow out of the spread of the “Tractarian” theology, whether here or in England, that it will open the eyes of multitudes to the absurdity of a pretension which the Episcopal Church has put forth in the face of a host of facts—that its Articles and its Liturgy are a protection against schism and heresy. Episcopalianism may secure a semblance of unity, but at the expense of honesty. Where men use free and true speech, there must be differences of interpretation, and diversities of utterance.—But we must stop this introduction, (as we meant it to be,) to our intelligence from abroad; and first we give place, as is due, to an article sent to us from Dublin.

ADDRESS OF IRISH UNITARIANS TO THEIR AMERICAN BRETHREN.—The last steamship from Liverpool brought us a letter from Rev. Dr. Drummond, the venerable minister of Strand Street Chapel in Dublin, enclosing a paper of which he speaks in these terms:—"At the request of the Irish Unitarian Christian Society I enclose an Address from them to their American brethren on the great question of Slavery, in the hope that you will give it publicity in any form you may deem eligible. Many of our Unitarian brethren, (and particularly Mr. James Haughton, a zealous supporter of every cause which he thinks favorable to the improvement and happiness of mankind,) are anxious to express their opinion on the subject of Slavery, and to lend whatever influences they possess to assist in its abolition." In compliance with the wish conveyed in this letter, we have communicated the following Address to the *Christian Register* and the *Christian World*, for insertion in those journals, as well as in our own; though we cannot withhold the expression of our dissent from some of the language which our Irish friends have used, and we must doubt whether they are sufficiently acquainted with the political and practical relations of Slavery in this country to enable them to give the best advice on the subject.

**ADDRESS OF THE IRISH UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN SOCIETY TO THEIR
BRETHREN IN AMERICA.**

Dear Christian Friends,—At our annual meeting held this year in Dublin, on the 2nd of May, among other important and interesting matters which engaged our attention, our hearts and affections were drawn towards you, our fellow-laborers in the cause of truth at the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, in your happy and glorious land, the United States of America; a land, many of whose institutions are favorable to the expansion and freedom of the human mind, and in which the course of Christian truth and Christian freedom should consequently be right onward and steadily progressive. This we hope and believe is your happy experience. We trust there are thousands of our Unitarian Christian brethren in America who are nobly sustaining the cause of truth, and who labor zealously with us in the promotion of man's improvement, and in upholding his right to equal liberty, civil and religious. Brethren, we offer you our hearts' best wishes, we desire to interchange friendly sentiments with you. The loss sustained by the Christian world, and particularly by our Denomination, in the death of the gifted and noble-minded Channing, called forth our sympathy with those friends who have been deprived of the pleasure of personal intercourse with him, and of sorrow that it did not please God to spare him a little longer to enlighten and to bless mankind; but, "though dead, he

yet speaketh" in his writings, and, in this way, his spirit will continue to shed its elevating and humanizing influences over the hearts of men.

In connexion with our reflections on the life and death of Dr. Channing, the question of Slavery in your land came like a dark cloud across our minds. His Address at Lenox on this subject, delivered so short a time before his death, is a noble denunciation of that wicked system, which is a plague spot on your country—a cancer which must be boldly cut away and entirely rooted out, if you would save America from utter ruin and merited degradation. This fine Address should doubly endear the memory of Channing in the affections of every Unitarian, and make us all more and more zealous in our determination to banish Slavery from the earth. It is a complication of the greatest crimes against God and man. Other crimes sink into insignificance when compared with the iniquity of making a chattel, a thing of merchandize, of the image of the living God. We have heard with sorrow, mingled with feelings of indignation, that men in America claiming to be Unitarians, to be Christians, are guilty of this wickedness; we hope that in this respect none such are held in estimation among you, and we shall be happy to hear from you that this report is but one of the vile calumnies uttered against Unitarians in this country and in England. To us it seems that virtue and vice are not more opposite to each other in their nature, than Christianity (or Unitarianism, which is but another name for Christianity) and slave-holding. We have heard of some sad doings by professing Unitarians in your slave-holding States. We allude to the vile treatment of Rev. Mr. Simmons in Mobile, and Rev. Mr. Motte in Savannah, with which you are no doubt familiar. Are the persecutors of these men Christians at all? and do good men among you hold fellowship with such as these? Let us, wherever on earth we may be located, be ever found the honest and true-hearted friends of liberty, civil and religious; liberty for all, the black man as well as the white man. We desire to unite with you in the promotion of this glorious principle; any thing short of its universal acknowledgement we deem degrading to our high nature, and not to be for a moment tolerated by any who either love God, or would improve their fellow-man.

Not being in direct communication with any Unitarian Society in your land, we do not send this Address to any particular association of our Denomination. We address it to all. We hope it will meet a ready response in the hearts of all, and that you will make its sentiments extensively known throughout all our churches in America.

Signed by order, and on behalf of

The Irish Unitarian Christian Society,

W. H. DRUMMOND, D. D.

J. C. LEDLIE, D. D.

JAMES HAUGHTON, Merchant.

Dublin, 25th July, 1843.

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These poems do not fill our idea either of the author as a writer, or of the subject as a theme for the poet. Mr. Pierpont has been long known and admired as a poet; but, though always bold and pointed, often caustic, and sometimes wholly just and beautiful, his muse certainly flags in this province. We can account for it only by the fact, that he shows too much of the "anti" here, turning aside from the great theme of Liberty, to notice opponents, and indulge in personal and local allusion.

INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—As we have this month neither Ordination nor Dedication to record, and no domestic intelligence that need fill our columns, we shall give our space under this head to articles of foreign origin. In religious matters, as in affairs of worldly business, the summer is a season of less activity than the winter. Our congregations in the city are very thin, nearly one half of our people, as it seems to us, being out of Boston.—We grieve to mention the increased illness of Rev. Dr. Ware, jr.—Rev. Dr. Dewey has returned from Europe, and will resume his ministerial duties in September.—Rev. Mr. Muzzey at the date of his last letters was in Rome, and had as yet derived only partial benefit from his foreign tour.—The Commencement exercises at Cambridge, on the 23d of August, are said to have been unusually good. The Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, by George S. Hillard, Esq., on the relation of the Poet to his age, was one of singular richness of thought and beauty of language, and was delivered with a freedom and grace of manner altogether remarkable among us.—Circumstances of recent occurrence have drawn attention to the divided state of the Episcopal Church in this country, as well as in England. Puseyism—whatever it be—has found disciples and apologists among the clergy of that Communion in the United States. Bishop Doane of New Jersey says “Puseyism” is “No Popery.” At present it is only, we presume, a retrograde Protestantism. What it will be, if the movement should continue in its present direction, it is easy to conjecture, though perhaps not safe to predict. To us the great evil of this movement lies in its starting principle—the assumption of mystery as the key of revelation; a contradiction in terms, yet a doctrine which underlies a vast amount alike of Catholic and Protestant errors. As a compensation for the evil which may arise, this great good must grow out of the spread of the “Tractarian” theology, whether here or in England, that it will open the eyes of multitudes to the absurdity of a pretension which the Episcopal Church has put forth in the face of a host of facts—that its Articles and its Liturgy are a protection against schism and heresy. Episcopalianism may secure a semblance of unity, but at the expense of honesty. Where men use free and true speech, there must be differences of interpretation, and diversities of utterance.—But we must stop this introduction, (as we meant it to be,) to our intelligence from abroad; and first we give place, as is due, to an article sent to us from Dublin.

ADDRESS OF IRISH UNITARIANS TO THEIR AMERICAN BRETHREN.—

The last steamship from Liverpool brought us a letter from Rev. Dr. Drummond, the venerable minister of Strand Street Chapel in Dublin, enclosing a paper of which he speaks in these terms:—"At the request of the Irish Unitarian Christian Society I enclose an Address from them to their American brethren on the great question of Slavery, in the hope that you will give it publicity in any form you may deem eligible. Many of our Unitarian brethren, (and particularly Mr. James Haughton, a zealous supporter of every cause which he thinks favorable to the improvement and happiness of mankind,) are anxious to express their opinion on the subject of Slavery, and to lend whatever influences they possess to assist in its abolition." In compliance with the wish conveyed in this letter, we have communicated the following Address to the *Christian Register* and the *Christian World*, for insertion in those journals, as well as in our own; though we cannot withhold the expression of our dissent from some of the language which our Irish friends have used, and we must doubt whether they are sufficiently acquainted with the political and practical relations of Slavery in this country to enable them to give the best advice on the subject.

ADDRESS OF THE IRISH UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN SOCIETY TO THEIR BRETHREN IN AMERICA.

Dear Christian Friends,—At our annual meeting held this year in Dublin, on the 2nd of May, among other important and interesting matters which engaged our attention, our hearts and affections were drawn towards you, our fellow-laborers in the cause of truth at the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, in your happy and glorious land, the United States of America; a land, many of whose institutions are favorable to the expansion and freedom of the human mind, and in which the course of Christian truth and Christian freedom should consequently be right onward and steadily progressive. This we hope and believe is your happy experience. We trust there are thousands of our Unitarian Christian brethren in America who are nobly sustaining the cause of truth, and who labor zealously with us in the promotion of man's improvement, and in upholding his right to equal liberty, civil and religious. Brethren, we offer you our hearts' best wishes, we desire to interchange friendly sentiments with you. The loss sustained by the Christian world, and particularly by our Denomination, in the death of the gifted and noble-minded Channing, called forth our sympathy with those friends who have been deprived of the pleasure of personal intercourse with him, and of sorrow that it did not please God to spare him a little longer to enlighten and to bless mankind; but, "though dead, he

yet speaketh" in his writings, and, in this way, his spirit will continue to shed its elevating and humanizing influences over the hearts of men.

In connexion with our reflections on the life and death of Dr. Channing, the question of Slavery in your land came like a dark cloud across our minds. His Address at Lenox on this subject, delivered so short a time before his death, is a noble denunciation of that wicked system, which is a plague spot on your country—a cancer which must be boldly cut away and entirely rooted out, if you would save America from utter ruin and merited degradation. This fine Address should doubly endear the memory of Channing in the affections of every Unitarian, and make us all more and more zealous in our determination to banish Slavery from the earth. It is a complication of the greatest crimes against God and man. Other crimes sink into insignificance when compared with the iniquity of making a chattel, a thing of merchandize, of the image of the living God. We have heard with sorrow, mingled with feelings of indignation, that men in America claiming to be Unitarians, to be Christians, are guilty of this wickedness; we hope that in this respect none such are held in estimation among you, and we shall be happy to hear from you that this report is but one of the vile calumnies uttered against Unitarians in this country and in England. To us it seems that virtue and vice are not more opposite to each other in their nature, than Christianity (or Unitarianism, which is but another name for Christianity) and slave-holding. We have heard of some sad doings by professing Unitarians in your slave-holding States. We allude to the vile treatment of Rev. Mr. Simmons in Mobile, and Rev. Mr. Motte in Savannah, with which you are no doubt familiar. Are the persecutors of these men Christians at all? and do good men among you hold fellowship with such as these? Let us, wherever on earth we may be located, be ever found the honest and true-hearted friends of liberty, civil and religious; liberty for all, the black man as well as the white man. We desire to unite with you in the promotion of this glorious principle; any thing short of its universal acknowledgement we deem degrading to our high nature, and not to be for a moment tolerated by any who either love God, or would improve their fellow-man.

Not being in direct communication with any Unitarian Society in your land, we do not send this Address to any particular association of our Denomination. We address it to all. We hope it will meet a ready response in the hearts of all, and that you will make its sentiments extensively known throughout all our churches in America.

Signed by order, and on behalf of

The Irish Unitarian Christian Society,

W. H. DRUMMOND, D. D.

J. C. LEDLIE, D. D.

JAMES HAUGHTON, Merchant.

Dublin, 25th July, 1843.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.—The eighteenth anniversary of this institution was celebrated on Wednesday and Thursday, June 7 and 8, 1843, by a meeting for business, a religious service, and a "breakfast," in London. The meeting for transacting the annual business of the Association was held at the Essex Street Chapel on the former of these days, when the chair was taken by J. B. Estlin Esq. of Bristol. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Aspland, of Hackney. After some remarks by the Chairman, the Reports of the Treasurer and the Committee were read and accepted, on motions by John Watson and James Young, Esqrs. The Officers for the year were chosen, not, as among us, by ballot, but by a resolution requesting "the following gentlemen to undertake the duties of the under-mentioned offices for the year ensuing, viz. Thomas Hornby, Esq. *Treasurer*; Rev. E. Tagart, *Hon. Secretary*; Rev. R. Aspland, Mr. J. T. Hart, Mr. H. J. Preston, Mr. J. H. Ball, Rev. Dr. Hutton, Rev. Dr. Rees, Mr. T. F. Gibson, Rev. Thomas Madge, Mr. Richard Taylor, *Committee*; Edmund Esdaile Esq., John Watson Esq., Henry Towgood Esq., *Auditors*." It will be seen that all these are *business* officers, the Association having no President nor Vice-Presidents. A resolution was then offered, with remarks, by Rev. Mr. Madge of London, expressing "sympathy with the ministers and members of the Remonstrant and Non-subscribing Churches in Ireland, in their efforts to maintain the great principles of civil and religious liberty, and to promote the sacred cause of rational and scriptural Christianity," and welcoming Rev. Dr. Montgomery of Duninmurry, and Rev. G. Armstrong of Dublin, as "the honored champions of consistent Protestantism, and the friends and advocates of vital and practical religion." Dr. Montgomery and Mr. Armstrong replied. Rev. Mr. Crompton of Norwich presented, and Rev. Dr. Hutton of London seconded the following resolution, each of them speaking in its support:—

"That we tender our cordial welcome to Rev. A. B. Muzzey, as the representative of the American Unitarian Association; that we rejoice in all the evidence afforded by our brethren in the United States, of the connexion of the views of Christianity commonly designated Unitarian with high intelligence and social culture, and that we trust the same gracious Providence which has raised up powerful defenders and distinguished ornaments of the Christian Faith in that land of our brethren, will enable them to manifest all the benign influences of freedom, civil and religious, upon the character and happiness of man."

Mr. Muzzey rose to reply, and "was received with enthusiasm." He returned his thanks for the kind reception he had met, and referring to his native land, spoke particularly of the labors and influence of Dr. Channing. Rev. Mr. Aspland, on behalf of the Committee, presented a series of resolutions "in relation to the Bill now before Parliament,

called the Factories Education Bill ;" in which was expressed disapprobation of the Bill, for various reasons, the first of which is, that it "recognizes the right of the Church of England to rule and dictate in the province of public education, although a large proportion of the persons to be benefitted by it are not in communion with that Church." A lively conversation ensued, in which several gentlemen took part, after which the resolutions were "unanimously carried." Rev. W. Hincks of London, on behalf of the Committee, offered the following resolution, which, seconded by Rev. E. Tagart of London, was unanimously adopted.

"That amidst many discouragements within our Denomination, and much opposition from without, we feel a growing confidence in the truth and efficacy of those views of Divine Revelation which distinguish us as a Christian Denomination, and that we pledge ourselves one to another, in reliance upon the blessing of Heaven, to assert them temperately but unflinchingly, to proclaim them publicly, through evil report and good report, and above all, to endeavor to show by our temper and deportment as individuals their sustaining power, and their charitable, holy and pious influence on our understanding, affections, and lives."

On Thursday the Association "assembled in full congregation, for divine service" at Essex Street Chapel. Rev. E. Talbot of Tenterden read the Scriptures and offered prayer, and Rev. Dr. Montgomery of Dunmurry, (near Belfast, Ireland,) preached from Proverbs iv. 7—on the principles of Divine Truth, the rights of Conscience, and the supreme value of Religious and Christian Liberty. "The sermon fixed and rewarded the deep attention of the audience for an hour and a half." After this service "the members and friends of the Association, ladies and gentlemen, to the number of about four hundred, adjourned to the breakfast at the Crown and Anchor Tavern." Rev. Dr. Montgomery presided. After the cloth was cleared, the Chairman proposed as the first toast, "The Queen;" next, "The charter sentiment of the Association, 'Civil and Religious Liberty all the world over;'" prefacing each of these "toasts" with a short speech. The next toast was, "The British and Foreign Unitarian Association," to which Mr. Hornby, the Treasurer, and Rev. Mr. Tagart, the Secretary, responded; the latter of whom called up the Chairman, who spoke at some length upon the arrogant claims, the persecuting spirit, and the unscriptural doctrines of the Protestant bodies by which they were surrounded. The next sentiment, "The surviving founders of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association,"—in proposing which the Chairman paid an eloquent tribute to the labors and character of Rev. Robert Aspland,—was replied to by him in "a long and animated address," in which he dwelt principally upon the recent attempts to deprive the English Unitarians of the property which they had long held, and "the inconsistency, the profligacy," of many who advocate subscription to Confessions

and Articles without regard to the moral character of the act. In the course of his remarks he used the following language:—

“Never since my mind was open to the consideration of public business, to the great interests of truth and liberty, never did I see so much to discourage, so much to excite painful apprehension, as on the present occasion. I do not despair—I cannot despair, for I believe in God,—I cannot despair of the cause of liberty and Christianity. But it may be a part of the discipline of Divine Providence,—and we should make up our minds to this possibility,—it may be a part of the wise and benevolent discipline of Divine Providence, that we should be tried, that we should be put back, that our character may be improved by it, and that the great and good cause which we have at heart should not be carried to its consummation by ourselves, but that the temple shall be built by other and younger hands.”

Rev. Mr. Madge proposed, next, “Our American Brethren, with welcome to Rev. A. B. Muzzey, as the representative of the American Unitarian Association.” Mr. Muzzey returned his acknowledgments, and confessed the change which had been produced in his views of the English Unitarians by the cordiality he had experienced and the enthusiasm he had witnessed. Rev. Dr. Hutton proposed “The Non-subscribing Presbyterians of Ireland,” and “urged a still closer union between the two islands.” Rev. Mr. Armstrong replied, “reciprocating the sympathy expressed, and desiring cordial cooperation with England in the great cause of Unitarian Christianity.” The Chairman next proposed “The Ladies,” which was “duly honored.” A sentiment was then given in reference to members from the country, to which Mr. Estlin, the Chairman on the previous day, replied, and closed his remarks by congratulating his friends “upon the establishment of so well conducted a weekly publication as the *Inquirer* newspaper;” which “was received with long-continued applause.” The health of the Stewards was proposed, and then, thanks having been returned by Rev. Mr. Walker, “the company separated, at an early hour in the evening.”

The *Pioneer* pronounces the meeting “most spirited and energetic,” and one which “cannot fail of producing most excellent results.”

UNITARIAN MEETINGS AT TAUNTON, ENGLAND.—We have been favored by our friend, the pastor of the Unitarian church in Leicester in this State, who is now in Europe, with a letter in which he describes a meeting which he attended in the West of England. Speaking of himself—of whom our readers, we know, will be glad to hear—he says, that his “passage to England was rather long for the season of the year—twenty-five and a half days.” After spending some days in Liverpool and Birmingham, he “went through parts of Worcester, Here-

ford, Gloucester, Monmouth [counties,] into South Wales—to Bristol, Exeter, through parts of Dorset and Somerset,” to Bath, and thence to London, whence he wrote on the 30th of July. During the four days which he passed in and near Liverpool the Lancashire and Cheshire Unitarian Association held their annual meeting in that city, but his “knowledge of the meeting came too late. I really mourned over it,” he says, “for I feared I should not fall in with another similar opportunity. In that however I have happily been disappointed.” He then proceeds with the part of his letter which we now extract.

The Annual Meeting of the Western Unitarian Society was held at Taunton yesterday, (July 18,) and it was preceded by a Conference of Ministers, for the discussion of questions of general and particular interest to the cause of Unitarian Christianity. It is of the doings of this Conference and this Society that I would write you a few lines, though I doubt not you will get a better account from some of the English publications. The Society above-named includes the counties of Somerset, Dorset, Devon and Cornwall. The *Conference* is a new thing—held for the first time this year; and was got up, chiefly, I believe, by the indefatigable efforts of the Bristol ministers, Messrs. Armstrong and James, particularly the latter.

On Monday (July 17) at 12 o'clock, about twenty Unitarian ministers (not all having charge of congregations) assembled in the Unitarian Chapel at Taunton. Rev. Mr. Acton of Exeter was chosen to be Moderator. Mr. A. has evidently much influence in the Unitarian body in the West of England; and I should judge him to be well entitled to it. In appearance and in manners he reminded me of Mr. Upham of Salem, and in the character of his mind I thought he resembled our Mr. Walker. Many of his remarks in the Conference had a similar effect of sweeping away the unsubstantial and visionary, and bringing the real merits of a question to light, that I have witnessed often as the result of Dr. W's speaking in the assemblies of our brethren.—One great object of this Conference was to devise ways for the increase and strengthening of the Unitarian societies in the West of England. On this subject it was finally resolved to recommend to the several Unitarian societies to establish a *Christian Mission* for the four above-named Counties. There were a few who very strongly objected to its being called a *Unitarian Mission*. Dr. Beard of Manchester, (who was present in order to preach an Annual Sermon the next day) was among those, I thought, who considered that the times did not require so much the enforcement of any doctrinal truths as the plain preaching of the practical truths and benevolent spirit of the Gospel. This was in fact the subject of his sermon on the following day. There were others however, and those

the ablest men in the body, who distinctly declared that such great truths as the Unity of God and his Paternal Character could not be, should not be, and must not be kept out of sight; in the latter all, I suppose, would have agreed. The whole discussion was carried on in a most admirable spirit. No asperity, no unkindness, no distrust of one another, was expressed or implied, though considerable differences of opinion clearly existed.—Some resolution was passed, I think, respecting the administration of the Supper, recommending a less frequent observance of it. It is the custom now, as with us, to observe it once in four, six, or eight weeks. It seemed to be generally thought that once in three months, was often enough. This seemed to me singular enough, emanating from such a body. You know there is no distinction among our brethren here, of *the church*; and they were not a little surprised to hear that such a distinction continued to be generally kept up among us in America. A free invitation is given to all present to partake of the Supper; and I was informed that the usual language of the ministers to the people is, that no new responsibility is incurred by any one, in coming to the Lord's table.

On Tuesday was an exceedingly interesting discussion on what is needed to improve the character of Unitarian preaching. "A more familiar, affectionate manner," said one. "A more Evangelical character of discourse, making Christ the foundation and standard," said another. Another said, "We ought to address ourselves more to the poorer and humbler portions of the community; for," it was added, "from them mainly is the Unitarian body to obtain accessions." "More directness, and a closer application of doctrine," said another. Another spoke of the duty of *preaching Christ*, and adduced some cases where persons had said they "heard more of Christ in the Unitarian Chapel than they had heard at Church." Another gave as a reason why Unitarian preachers did not preach better and more acceptably, that they had to work hard for a livelihood. Mr. Acton, the Moderator, in closing the debate, made some capital remarks, on the whole subject of preaching. Mr. Armstrong introduced a most stringent *declaration of sentiment* on the subject of the Establishment, which, after some trifling emendation, was unanimously adopted. In some remarks in support of the resolution, Mr. A. said, "We are taxed for the support of a body of twenty thousand men, who thirteen times every year condemn us and our faith to eternal perdition."—I have given you but a meagre account of this Taunton Conference. Accept it, for the intent, rather than the fulfilment.

The same day, at 12 o'clock, was a meeting of the Western Unitarian Association. In the evening was a tea-gathering, with speeches in abundance—quite pleasant.

The subject of Slavery is every where introduced to my notice, often where I have given no indication previously of being an Abolitionist.

DISTRICT UNITARIAN ASSOCIATIONS IN ENGLAND.—The meetings of the local Associations of Unitarians, in different parts of England, are occasions of much interest. Some of them began with the last generation. They are held in the summer, and are celebrated by religious services, the transaction of business, and a dinner or tea-party, attended by both sexes, at which addresses are made by members of both the clergy and the laity. The late numbers of the *Christian Reformer* contain notices of several such meetings the present year. The *Cheshire Presbyterian Association* held its thirteenth half-yearly meeting at Dunkinfield on Good Friday. The *Bolton District Unitarian Association* met at Walmsley on the 27th of May. The *Somerset and Dorset Unitarian Association* held its annual meeting at Crewkerne, on the 1st of June. The *North-Eastern Unitarian Association* celebrated their anniversary at Wisbeach, on the 21st and 22d of June. The *Eastern Unitarian Christian Society* celebrated their thirty-first anniversary at Norwich on the 28th and 29th of June. The *Hull, East York, and North Lincoln Unitarian Association* held its thirty-first general meeting at Hull, on the same days. The *Western Unitarian Society* held its "fifty-second annual general meeting" at Taunton on the 18th of July. Of this meeting a friend who was present has furnished the account which we have given in the preceding article. The annual meeting of the *Southern Unitarian Book Society* and *Southern Unitarian Fund Society* is advertised to be held at Newport, I. W. on the 19th of July; and of the *Kent and Sussex Unitarian Christian Association* at Maidstone on the 26th of July.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION IN BRISTOL, ENGLAND.—As our religious papers of late have contained frequent notices of Sunday School celebrations or excursions in our own land, we think our readers will be pleased with an account of a similar occasion, which we copy from a letter written by a friend who resides in Bristol, England. She is speaking of the charity Sunday Schools connected with the Lewin's Mead (Unitarian) Chapel in that city.

Generally we have had our Sunday School tea-meeting on Whitsunday in our school-room, and we have thought the room very pretty—

adorned with flowers, and have been glad to think of so many poor children having a good meal of cake and coffee. Last year, however, the weather was very fine, and we gladly accepted the offer of a field to play in, and a garden to eat in, from a member of the congregation who lived in the country; and we spent so happy a day that we settled that we could not again drink tea in a room, when the country was so delightful. This spring we had the offer of a field in a still more beautiful place, and various other pleasures were planned, such as riding to the place (which was rather distant) in a wagon which would hold fifty children and which would be adorned with flags. However, much to our disappointment, torrents of rain poured down, and as we could not defer the meeting, (as Whitsunday was the only holiday the gentlemen would have,) it was determined that we must make the best of it, and drink tea in the schoolroom after all. Yet as there is much taste for Natural History and the connected sciences among the children, we thought we might give them something beyond eating and drinking to amuse them. One of the gentlemen kindly prepared a set of very common but interesting chemical experiments, and another brought a galvanic battery. These were shown in one room to a large and very merry party of boys and girls. In another room I had the microscopes, one of which is of great power, and as an additional attraction the School Museum and various curiosities which I brought from home. The little children had games of play in the room where you saw the Infant School; but you would scarcely have recognized the room, it looked so very gay with greens, and flags which another of the teachers had made for the occasion, and which were to have adorned the wagon. In another room my sister showed some experiments with the air-pump, and these were delightful, not only to the children, but to many of the young teachers who had never seen such things before. I was much pleased the next Sunday to hear my tiny children about seven years old describe to me the experiments she showed them. A party of boys and another of girls went to the Museum at the Institution. I must not forget to tell you how pleasant the kitchen table looked, covered with plates of cake and cans of milk, nor with what zeal they were despatched not only by the children, but by the teachers, for we were very hungry after our exertions. It was a very pleasant afternoon, and one to which we often recur with much satisfaction. It does good to both teachers and children; the children love their teachers more, when they see them willing to promote their pleasures and to mingle in them; and the teachers think with greater love of their children, when they are striving to find innocent amusements for them.